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THE NATION

OCTOBER 14, 1968 35 cents

Rebellion in the Shops

WHY THEY LIKE WALLACE

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A Watcher in Prague

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LETTERS

cool pill

Johnston, Vt.

DEAR SIRS: In your editorial about the new censorship of schoolbooks in California ["Clean Minds," Sept. 30] you speak in passing of the "much more open, realistic and healthy attitudes toward sex" among young people in America today. Certainly their attitudes are more open, and possibly more realistic, but are they healthy? Those in a position to know say that interest in sex among students has declined steadily and radically in the past two or three years. The attitude seems to be that sex has no more meaning than other bodily functions, ingesting, defecating, etc. Is this healthy? Is it what we want?

We used to think the pill, considered sexually rather than procreatively, would help to liberate and heat up people who were formerly repressed or inhibited, but maybe all it is doing is to add sterility, in the broadest sense, to frigidity: another case of technology destroying cultural values.

Hayden Carruth

Alaska write-in

Lyndonville, Vt.

DEAR SIRS: In 1964, Senator Gruening of Alaska voted against the Tonkin Resolution—as so many others have come to wish they had. Later, he tried valiantly to tell us the truth about Vietnam, and events have shown how right he was. Having lost a close race for renomination, he has just announced plans for a write-in campaign.

The Peace Movement now has muscle: money and manpower. No one deserves our full support more than Ernest Gruening. Let's do everything humanly possible to encourage the Senator. With his opposition split two ways, *an all-out write-in effort would have an excellent chance.*

Senator Gruening has brought to Washington a rare combination of sophistication, character and brilliance. The United States can ill afford to lose the services of this great man.

William A. Pierce, M.D.

knife in Hubert

Lake Orion, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: In "The Bitter Legacy of LBJ" [by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*, Sept. 9] you suggest that "if they [the Democrats] did not elect Richard Nixon . . . it was through no fault of Lyndon Johnson, Mayor Daley, or the happy nominee."

I wonder if it was more deliberate than that. If it's true that the industrial-military complex runs the country, perhaps it is also true that they like Nixon and have suggested as much to their boy. It is the only supposition that makes sense of the following:

(1) Beating up the press. Unprecedented! Especially for politicians at election time.

(2) Polarizing the young. Certainly Nixon is at least as warlike as LBJ and Humphrey, but Hubert gets the bitterest anti-war demonstrations.

(3) The chrome-plated, neon-lighted steam roller, which nobody needed, and which no experienced politician uses publicly unless in a desperate situation—which nobody was in at Chicago. (And on coast-to-coast television!)

(4) The public repudiation by LBJ of every attempt by Hubert to gather back the moderates and liberals. Surely even amateur politicians know better than this; and whatever else Johnson is, he's no amateur.

Perhaps at lower levels, the Democrats are unaware of being scuttled; but by now, even Ebullient Hubert must suspect that that uncomfortable feeling between his shoulders is a Texas bowie knife.

Barbara W. Benetti

EDITORIALS

The Scandals of '68

The World Series is traditionally the halfway mark between the conventions and the election and, having reached that point, we may assess the scandals of the campaign with some confidence.

(*1*) *Vietnam.* Down to the conventions it promised to dominate the campaign, and indeed it is still much on the voters' minds. But it is not really being discussed.

During the week of September 30, Humphrey belatedly broke the ice, but the water was so shallow that he did not get his ankles wet. What he said was touted by his public relations staff as a major announcement, but it was obviously a concoction made up under pressure to "do something" about a lagging campaign and to project an image of Humphrey thinking for himself.

Poor as Humphrey's performance was, it shines by comparison with Nixon's on the same topic. Nixon has refused to discuss Vietnam at all, on the ground that he does not wish to interfere with the negotiations going on —or rather standing still—in Paris. It is not Nixon's sense of responsibility that accounts for this reticence but his hope that the voters have forgotten (or never heard of) his warmongering in 1954, when he backed Admiral Radford and other early hawks in the scheme to relieve the French garrison at Dienbienphu, with nuclear bombs if necessary. A major scandal of the campaign is that Humphrey so far has let him get away with it. But then, Humphrey has so much hawk in his own past that his caution is understandable.

Wallace's position on Vietnam hardly warrants serious discussion. His support comes from a section of the electorate that equates any kind of negotiation and compromise with "appeasement," yet he must reach out for votes among that greater mass which wants to see an end of the war, win, lose or draw. So he touches on it only briefly while bellowing for "law 'n order," segregation without racism, and castrating the Supreme Court. If peace cannot be had at the conference table, Wallace would inquire of the Joint Chiefs of Staff whether the war can be won militarily (as if they knew!) and if they said yes he would leave the rest to them.

(*2*) *Atmosphere.* One of the scandals of '68 is the tone of the campaign. Why is it, really, that there is so much unfocused anger and resentment for a man like Wallace to exploit? Isn't it precisely because that anger and resentment have not been focused against legitimate targets, as they would have been in meaningful politics?

Who, for instance, is explaining inflation in terms that make sense? Who says out loud that the finagling with the costs of the Vietnamese War has had much to do with what is happening in the cities, with the stalemate in civil rights, with discord on the nation's campuses?

Or take law and order, which appeals most strongly to a large and fearful portion of the electorate. Neither Nixon nor Humphrey has attacked Mayor Daley, neither has denounced the lawlessness in the South on the issue of desegregation. Because both have preferred to evade

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the real causes and effects in this area, they have let Wallace stand forth as the protagonist of orderly government and the strong man who will make the streets safe.

(3) *The Collapse of the Future.* All three candidates belong to the past—different pasts but all jogging along abandoned roads. Not one of the candidates holds out any realistic hope for the future; when they refer to it at all, it is high-flown rhetoric. That is why there are no slogans in this campaign. Since the turn of the century, from the Square Deal of Theodore Roosevelt to the Great Society of Lyndon B. Johnson, slogans have played a symbolic role in the bidding for votes. Slogans can be deceiving in whole or in part, but they do indicate a determination to advance. This time there is no such determination, only a desire for office. Nixon's talk of the "Forgotten American" is not a slogan, only a meretricious appeal to a largely fictitious sense of injury. All three Presidential contenders are mired in the past; in consequence all three fail, as Muskie implied, to inspire confidence.

What the campaign looks like, then, at this point, is that one would rather see Edmund Muskie succeed to the Presidency than Spiro Agnew.

The Pentagon Speaks

Stories by John Lannan in the Washington *Star* and Victor Cohn in *The Washington Post* (September 20) disclose an incipient conflict between administrative scientists connected with the Pentagon and scientists who receive Pentagon grants but insist on voicing their opposition to the Vietnamese War and urging others to do likewise. In one of the publications of the American Mathematical Society, a number of mathematicians inserted paid advertisements urging colleagues to be "responsible for the uses to which your talents are put. . . . We believe this responsibility forbids putting mathematics in the service of this cruel war." Among the signers were Drs. Jervey Neyman, Lucien LeCam and Peter Bickel of the University of California, all working under grants from the Department of the Army. In due course they received sharply admonitory letters from Dr. John W. Dawson, chief scientist of the Army Research Office at Duke University. Dr. Dawson wrote that "a mutually acceptable decision to terminate our present association when your present support expires appears to be consistent with both our positions."

The Navy was less peremptory. Dr. Peter King, chief scientist of the Office of Naval Research, revealed that letters had been sent to five people involved in four Navy contracts. He refused to identify the recipients but paraphrased the contents of the letters: "It has come to our attention that [the signers of the advertisements] may have strong personal feelings about Department of Defense support. In the light of that, do you want to continue to work for us? Our concern is in what that announcement really means." Dr. K. C. Emerson, deputy for research in the Army's Office of Research and Development, took much the same view as Dr. King (thus a view different from Dr. Dawson's). Still more divergent, Dr. William J. Price, chief scientist in the Office of Aerospace Research, said that although his office had on its payroll persons who had signed

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the ads, there was no intention to send out such letters.

Faced with these conflicting positions, Dr. John S. Foster, Jr., Department of Defense director of research and engineering, issued a formal statement of policy. "Some members of the research and development community," he wrote, "have disagreed with government decisions while they contributed significantly to the country." Such being the case, he urged that the military "take all necessary actions to preserve our mutually beneficial relationships with the academic research community during this period when there are potentially divisive pressures."

Scientists are far more important to the Pentagon (and to science-based corporations) than the Pentagon is to them. Thus scientists who insist on speaking their minds are not only protecting scientists in general against censorship (both those who agree with them and those who do not), but are helping measurably to preserve freedom of speech for all citizens, at least so long as the divisions within the country remain within present levels of acrimony.

Labor Pains

Whether he knows it or not, George Meany is about to get the same kind of cruel comeuppance that led to the departure of Dr. Grayson Kirk from Columbia University: the serfs are demanding a bigger piece of the action and the "establishment" is not responding. First of all, Mr. Meany is confronted with the "protest movement" of Walter Reuther who, with the aid of the Teamsters, has set up the Alliance for Labor as a means of restoring to the labor movement some of the social idealism it seemed to radiate in the 1930s. Like some other labor leaders, Mr. Reuther is miffed that Meany did not bother until September to secure AFL-CIO ratification for his unqualified endorsement of Humphrey last April. Meany, of course, has clamped down hard. Some of the unions—International Chemical Workers and United Rubber Workers, among others—that had at first been inclined to join the rebellion are now holding back. For the moment the rivals are observing a false truce (they have both endorsed Humphrey) but there will be interesting post-election developments.

The Reuther schism is, however, merely one phase of the "protest movement" that Meany faces. In California, many unions are in revolt against the arbitrary handling of political endorsements. The Los Angeles County Federation endorsed Jesse Unruh for re-election to the Assembly in which he serves as Speaker; the State Federation rejected the endorsement. In disgust, Unruh has said of the State Federation—which purports to represent 1.5 million organized workers but really represents itself—that it "hasn't enough political muscle in the state legislature to get a Mother's Day resolution passed."

Joseph Kraft reports from Flint, Mich., that many union members resent the action of the leadership, not on any one issue but again because of the handling of political endorsements. Much of the sentiment for Wallace reflects this resentment.

Yet despite mounting evidence of disaffection, Meany keeps redoubling his efforts for Humphrey, minimizing support for "dovish" Democratic Senators who have excellent labor records and cracking down on all who refuse to knuckle under to his dictation. By his stubborn adherence to the old coalition politics he is assuring further dissension in the union movement after November 5 and placing labor in a perilously exposed position when the new Congress convenes. Infatuated with "law and order," he seems to have forgotten the Memorial Day Massacre in Chicago, when the wrath of the police was directed not at students and hippies but at men who were trying to form trade unions. Unfortunately it will be organized labor, not George Meany, that will pay the price for this lapse of memory.

Identity Crisis

The rebellion against Meany is an aspect of the general crisis that confronts organized labor in all the industrially developed countries. During past times of economic deprivation, labor leaders in these countries have been able, often for fairly long periods, to induce the rank and file to follow political leadership of which it did not fully approve and support programs some of which it detested—all as the price to be paid for more jobs and better wages.

In today's affluent societies, however, a section of the rank and file feels itself in a position to reassert some of its ancient prejudices. The leaders of British labor were shocked recently to discover that a large section of the membership enthusiastically endorsed the racism of Enoch Powell. If they had hung out more in the workers' pubs, they would not have been so taken by surprise.

Nor is there any reason for surprise that a significant section of American labor supports the racist views of George Wallace. For seventy years, organized labor in California constituted the spearhead of the anti-Oriental movement. Much the same feeling has long characterized organized labor's attitude toward Mexicans (in the Southwest), toward Negroes and, at an earlier period, toward European immigrants.

Periods of prosperity bring out the always latent chauvinism in the labor movement, which derives from job competition in economies of scarcity. In today's affluent societies, labor faces an "identity crisis." It can no longer indulge in its ancient fantasies without placing the gains it has won in jeopardy. It must decide, therefore, just what is the true function of a trade union in the post-industrial societies. The crisis has become acute because the leadership has too long neglected the task, as Reuther puts it, of unionizing the organized, that is, of aligning the membership against the traditional trade union scourges—war, racism, and "law and order" (police-state style).

Reducing the Profile

Either the State Department and the Pentagon have begun to listen to *The Nation* (which we would like to believe) or they have on their own begun to take a tougher line against diplomatic-military blackmail. At any rate, the government of Francisco Franco is not finding our negotiators such easy marks as in the past.

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In 1953, the United States and Spain entered into a twenty-year defense pact calling for the establishment of multi-billion-dollar American bases in Spain. An initial ten-year period was to be followed by two five-year extensions, unless either country desired to withdraw from the agreement. This provided a source of income and opportunity for extortion which Franco's Fascist regime was not likely to overlook. Without the pact, the position of Franco's government might have been untenable; Uncle Sam's complaisance kept internal crises within bounds. The pact was extended in 1963 for five years, with a "sweetener" of $100 million from the U.S. treasury.

Franco had no intention of settling for any such bagatelle this time around. Flanked by military advisers, his foreign minister, Fernando Maria Castiella, sat down with Secretary Rusk, likewise supported, and with traditional Spanish punctilio requested a $1.2 billion raise, to be spread over the last five years of the lease. Making good use of his superlative imperturbability, Rusk came back with an offer of $100 million. The Spaniards were gradually worn down to $700 million, but that, they averred, was their rock-bottom price, and on September 26 they broke off negotiations.

According to a handout from the Spanish Embassy, "Everything points to a renewal." This press release attempts to "sell" the American public. Besides expatiating on the boon the bases represent, it alludes to the injuries the Spanish have suffered from our presence: "The third of the bases, Moron, near Seville, is the take-off point for the large tankers which refuel in flight the USAF aircraft operating in the Mediterranean. It was a tanker based at Moron that collided with a bomber over Palomares on the southeast coast of Spain and almost caused a disaster of incalculable proportions when four hydrogen bombs were scattered in the region." However, for $700 million, possibly less, Franco will risk such disaster for another five years.

The Spaniards are probably right: one way or another, the pact is more likely than not to be renewed. However, some uncertainty is suggested by Mr. Rusk's flinty counter-offer. For one thing, the general value of overseas bases is under discussion in Washington; for another, Uncle Sam is not the Croesus he used to be—or, as Mr. Rusk puts it, the time has come for the United States to "reduce its profile" overseas. There is no better place than Spain to make a start.

One War

"You have a home in the Army," the slogan that was echoed with resigned bitterness by black GIs as they re-enlisted in the years after World War II, no longer seems to lure the Negro soldier. According to Robert Terrell, writing in the *New York Post*, rates for Negro re-enlistment are down in the last year from 66.5 per cent to 31.7 per cent. Terrell talked to a number of black GIs whose terms were coming to an end and heard two main reasons for the reluctance to stay in the service. The first, according to his respondents, is that Negroes are dying in disproportionate numbers in Vietnam. No statistics were offered, but the blacks look around them and see that the company typewriters and supply rooms are manned by white boys. The Negroes feel themselves field hands once more—in fields of blood.

The other reason given is that the DMZ and the Mekong Delta are poor places to go hunting for freedom when the soul brothers are stalking it in the streets of urban America. Incredibly, and ironically beyond comment, the black troops in the rice paddies yearn to be where the action is.

Corroborating this picture of Negro disillusion with the Army game in Vietnam, Lee Lescage tells in *The Washington Post* of a recent riot of military prisoners at Long Binh Jail (known with sweet brevity as LBJ). Sixty-three men, including five guards, were injured; one white prisoner was killed. When the uproar had burned itself out—and most of the stockade's buildings with it—all the white prisoners and 100 of the Negroes cooperated in restoring order. But 220 others, all Negro except for three Puerto Ricans, refused and were placed in a special compound, where they improvised African-style garments and beat on metal drums. They were fed a diet of C-rations until, one by one, they agreed to form up for roll call and otherwise obey confinement routine.

Army spokesmen dismiss this demonstration as atypical: everyone in the jail was already out of step with the Army. But Army spokesmen make a practice of dismissing whatever seems to contradict their image of a holy war fought by golden youths. The fact is that the riot in the LBJ was not directed against the authorities; it was fought by prisoners against prisoners, blacks against whites, with Negroes apparently on the offensive.

Another thing that Army spokesmen would certainly deny (if they could be made even to understand the question) is that Vietnam and the ghetto, Saigon and Harlem, are two fronts of one war. But the blacks don't deny it, and neither will history.

Military 'Social Welfare'

At a time when the Johnson-Humphrey Administration and the Congress are putting the ax to the roots of most social welfare programs, Defense Secretary Clark M. Clifford announces that he is mobilizing the Pentagon for an attack on the social ills of the nation. Any such proposal has an odd sound in a country where the role of the armed services has traditionally been limited to defense against foreign enemies—or at any rate to fighting, whether for defense or for other ends.

But that is what Clifford said: "The Department of Defense, a department which consumes 9 per cent of the gross national product of our nation, a department which employs 4.5 million Americans, has a deep obligation to contribute more than it has ever contributed before to the social needs of the nation."

This would take the form of low-cost military housing, a "new generation" of military hospitals, schools and education for undereducated young men who would emerge better fitted for employment. Another innovation would be for the Department of Defense to urge industry to build

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new plants and to subcontract as much defense work as possible in surplus labor areas.

This speech was delivered before the National Security Industrial Association, which represents some of the largest defense contractors. It is fair to assume that it reflects some uneasiness, on the part of the Department and its beneficiaries, about the continuing high level of military spending—and a feeling that some taxpayers might be finding the defense budget just a bit heavy. So Mr. Clifford, who has had long experience in making the unpalatable tasty, is offering goodies from an unexpected source.

The offer, however, is vaguely sinister. It is a late offspring of the marriage between big defense and big industry, and one may have misgivings. There are much cheaper and more efficient ways to inaugurate a civilian public-works program than by putting the Army to work on a part-time basis. Or can it be that Mr. Clifford surmises that the armed services can no longer discharge their historic purpose, simply because it is no longer to be achieved by military means? That being so, and Othello's occupation being on the way out, is he to be kept in uniform by providing him with a social mission?

REBELLION IN THE SHOPS

WHY THEY LIKE WALLACE

B. J. WIDICK
Mr. Widick is the author of Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States *(Houghton Mifflin). He teaches at Columbia and Wayne State Universities.*

Detroit

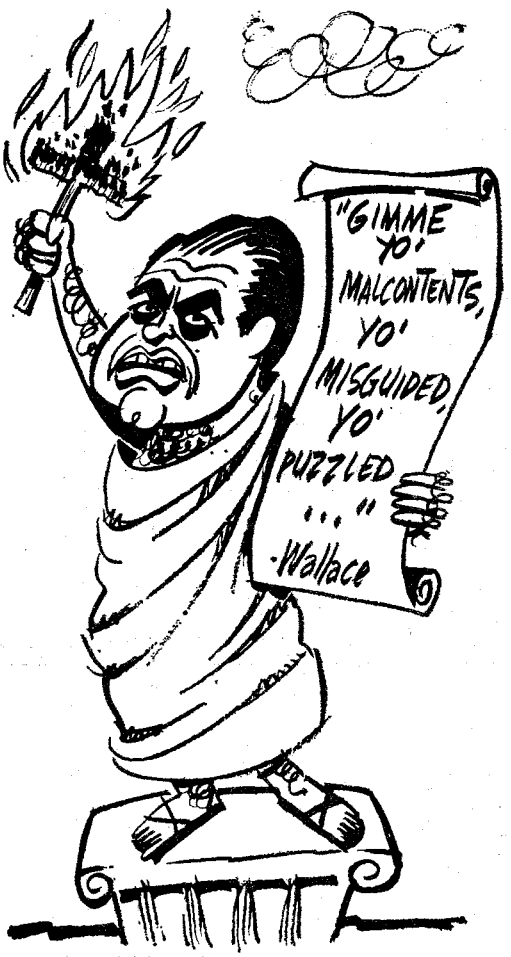
Unless an unlikely political miracle occurs between now and November, most active unionists on every leadership level face the probability that organized labor will suffer a disaster in the national election. What the polls and the press surveys have portrayed, that George Wallace is making deep inroads into the so-called labor vote, is confirmed in a range of interviews in the Midwest. No one can argue that defections from the Democratic ticket in the industrial states are not hurting Hubert Humphrey, the choice of the trade union hierarchy.

Ideologically, politically and organizationally, the present status of the trade union movement offers little hope that the labor leaders can save the day for their man Hubert. At a time when Humphrey seeks to soften his war views, the hard-line outlook of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, stands firmly with President Johnson—the man who left labor speechless when he abdicated the Presidency. Ordinarily, close to 70 per cent of union members vote Democratic, though among skilled workers the Republican vote is usually higher than 30 per cent. What is new is the large proportion of Democratic labor voters who have swung to George Wallace, finding in him a candidate who articulates their various discontents.

In the South, the most conservative estimate we obtained from talks in labor circles bore out the recent Gallup poll estimate that about 50 per cent of union members were supporting the former Governor of Alabama. A more likely percentage was 75, according to a union official close to the situation. The group not attracted to Wallace is, of course, the Negro membership.

The polls which indicate that about 20 per cent of American voters are now for Wallace are misleading in the same way that the 4 per cent national unemployment figure fails to reveal the depths of that problem. The concentration of this vote, as with unemployment, is more meaningful, and it must be said that the intensity and the size of the Wallace support in plants and shops is very disturbing.

After the United Auto Workers held a series of regional conferences attended by the delegates to the spring national convention, and other active leaders, Walter Reuther engaged the American Arbitration Association to conduct a secret ballot of Presidential preference. The results showed that 10.2 per cent or 271 of these activists were for Wallace; about 87.8 per cent or 2,319 were for



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Humphrey, and Nixon received twenty-seven votes, or 1 per cent. A UAW press release then exulted: "The overwhelming vote in favor of Hubert Humphrey and Edmund Muskie by the democratically elected delegates to these conferences, representing 1.6 million UAW members, shows that the vast majority of working men and women have not forgotten who their friends are." What is most astonishing about this optimistic interpretation is that not a single individual in the UAW whom I talked to in any part of the country believes it. In fact, everyone asserted that this vote did *not* reflect the sentiment in the shops. Shop stewards, plant officials, international representatives, staff people—all were unanimous in saying that the Wallace sentiment is bigger than anyone admits.

This is not a UAW phenomenon: A secret poll of Teamsters in St. Louis came up with Nixon 956, Wallace 860, Humphrey 744 and McCarthy 449. Steelworkers in the Detroit area appear to share the sentiment of the Pennsylvania mill towns as reported in *The New York Times* —the guys in the shops "go for Wallace." Inquiries among the Akron Rubber Workers produce the same response.

What about white-collar unionists? A local union president states that Wallace sentiment is as strong there as in the shops. The AFL-CIO announces that it has registered more than 1.6 million voters and that sounds good until you check with people who worked in the communities during these drives. They report big Wallace strength. In the suburbs of Akron, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, etc., where anti-Negro sentiment is so strong, will higher labor registration help labor's official candidate? In Dearborn, Mich., home of the Ford Motor Company and the UAW's biggest local, the only Negro family living among the 115,000 residents has just left in despair. As for the flood of anti-Wallace literature coming from union headquarters, old hands in COPE and PAC, the political arms of labor, know that this is the least effective way to influence opinion.

Can labor rally young voters in the nation to the Humphrey banner? Certainly not with its hard line on war, its antagonism toward any element in the Democratic Party that doesn't go along with Johnson 100 per cent. It is difficult to see how the labor leadership can combat Wallace in the shops when its hostility toward the youth movement seems to echo Wallace completely. Meany referred to the Chicago demonstrators in this fashion: "I know what you would do with this dirty-necked and dirty-mouthed group of kooks. To be frank, you might overrreact." Some 2,000 Machinists union delegates cheered.

Meany is not alone in his views; indeed, he expresses the views of most people I've talked to in the union movement in recent weeks. When P. I. Siemiller, president of the Machinists union, declared, "union members are pretty sick of rioters, looters, peaceniks, beatniks and all the rest of the nuts who are trying to destroy the country," he confirms the prejudices in the shops, and no one will win over the Wallace people with that line.

One must go back a long way to recall a time when hostility was so bitter toward not just the young college radicals but youth in general. "They got it made and are goofing it up," is what the assembly-line worker tells us. There is a class hatred and an even stronger manifestation of anti-intellectualism in such sentiments. Does it suggest Germany in 1932? Nor is there much tolerance of "McCarthyites," who are not being so much convinced as pressured. Said one top McCarthy supporter in Michigan, who may vote for Humphrey, "Sometimes I think I'm in Prague." The only segment of the population in the Midwest centers that appears solidly Democratic is, again, the Negro voters, and this is due as much to fear of Nixon-Agnew and Wallace as to any alliance of labor with the Negro community.

How explain the Wallace phenomenon among the working people? Walter Reuther used to argue in the AFL-CIO that labor must "unionize the organized," and the record speaks for itself. August Scholle, president of the Michigan AFL-CIO, lists, besides a diminishing political activity in unions, these factors as contributing to the swing toward Wallace: (a) A rapid influx of young people into the union movement, replacing more militant veterans who have retired or died—these people "take all their benefits for granted"; (b) a deterioriation of moral standards—not the kind Wallace talks about but a lack of loyalty and respect for those who fought for labor's goals, like Humphrey for two decades; (c) a general unrest and rebellion brought on by the Vietnamese War, ever-increasing taxation on those least able to pay, and other factors.

Other analysts argue that it is racism, pure and simple. A minority of unionists see the Wallace phenomenon as the unrest of the little man, who feels lost and alienated, who doesn't identify with the vast union structure and the top leaders. This view calls into question the validity of the programs and leadership of George Meany in the AFL-CIO, and Reuther's comparative silence down the years. But no one likes to discuss the issue in those terms.

This is not the first time that labor has faced a major challenge from the far Right. Rev. Charles Coughlin, the silver-tongued priest from Royal Oak, Mich., once had a radio audience in the millions. He defended the acts and policies of Hitler and was seen as the forerunner of American fascism. He had good support in the industrial plants. But the skill of Franklin D. Roosevelt, combined with the dynamic appeal of the CIO union movement, cut the labor base from under Coughlin. What is disturbing today is that equivalent political factors are missing. The contrast between Roosevelt and John L. Lewis, leading the forces of social progress in the 1930s, and the Humphrey-Meany team of today is painful. Even if a miracle should occur, Wallace would remain strong as a national spokesman for a dangerous Right, rooted in a sector of the population that is finding its own political muscle, away from the traditional patterns of American politics.

The students on the campus may talk about "making a revolution," but they ignore the real movement in America —a swing to the right so marked that both Nixon and Humphrey are competing for the right-of-Center votes: that is how they read the political climate in this nation. Jokingly, I tell my labor friends, "Don't worry about the election. You'll win a big victory. You'll claim you kept Wallace from the Presidency." The smiles get thinner as time goes by. Lesser-evil rationalizations have their limitations.

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'TRUTH WAS NOT SILENCED'

A WATCHER IN PRAGUE

JIRI MUCHA

Mr. Mucha, one of Czechoslovakia's most distinguished writers, is the author most recently of Living and Partly Living *(to be published by McGraw-Hill this month), an account of his stay in a Czech prison during the Stalin era. He was sentenced to six years, spent some time in solitary confinement, and later worked in a coal mine. He was in Prague during the occupation and left shortly thereafter for London. This article was translated by Ewald Osers.*

London

I still can't understand how it happened. And why it happened. Or maybe I can just understand why—but not how. I am still walking about like a man who has seen a ghost in bright daylight—something hideous and unreal, compounded of shadows and smoke. Or of shadows and poison gas. Because this ghost can kill.

When did it all start? In May, 1968? In January, 1968? Or in December, when the power which had been concentrated in Novotny's hands was snatched from him? That moment is about as difficult to pinpoint as the exact source of a river (a few interlaced springs on a vast mountain meadow). It really began two or three years ago when the shell enclosing the living body of the nation was irresistibly getting thinner, rather like an eggshell getting brittle just before the hatching of a chick. There still was the will of dictatorship, but fewer and fewer people were prepared to carry out senseless orders. There was the machinery of suppression, but fewer and fewer people dared to use it. And a year ago, when at the Writers' Congress things were openly said which everyone had long known and said in private, it took the government of the day several months to decide to punish the insubordinate intellectuals. Within a much shorter time it was compelled to revoke its sanctions, and in a still shorter time the government, until then all-powerful and infallible, had fallen.

Maybe some tank units in some Byelorussian or Ukrainian garrison received even then their first stand-by orders. The tragedy began to take its inexorable course: freedom was affecting the nervous system of a deformed communism like curare.

In Poland they were still able to neutralize the spontaneous movement of the young toward freedom by inciting the workers and by the well tried formula of anti-Semitism, but in Czechoslovakia it did not work. The workers, when urged to resent the intelligentsia, knew perfectly well that the students were their own children, remembered that they had often tightened their own belts to send them to college, and decided that it was in fact the low intelligence of the leaders that had brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy. Attempts to fan anti-Semitism failed even more quickly in a small country which had just been watching and admiring Israel's courage. Thus when the Novotny wing tried to retrieve the situation, it misread the temper of the people and lost the gamble.

I believe that the crisis in the Communist world, which culminated in the occupation of Czechoslovakia on August 21, was inescapable. The old guard in the central committees of all the Communist countries still employed a way of thinking and working which might have been appropriate to an uneducated, poverty-stricken proletariat. That dissatisfied and poorly educated mass—and at one time that was a correct description—provided nothing but strength. Intelligence had to come from elsewhere, and with it an iron discipline. A totally different situation exists today when a worker has a far better education and a higher living standard than did a schoolmaster or official fifty years ago. The authorities are no longer dealing with an easily manipulated mass but with a large number of independently thinking individuals. And the moment man starts thinking, his first indispensable need is freedom.

Tragedy thus became inevitable: those in power, who should have kept their fingers on the pulse of the people, lost their touch; they failed to see the essential transformation of the working class and drove it into battle against itself, against a spontaneous need for freedom which they saw as counterrevolution.

In Czechoslovakia, a traditionally industrial country with an excellent educational system, the average worker even before World War II was on the level of an intellectual in many an agricultural country today. In Czechoslovakia it was far easier for—as the slogan goes—all power to pass into the hands of the workers, because any intelligent worker could, without particular difficulty, take on the job of a factory manager or a minister. Needless to say, this had disastrous results. But on the other hand, the Czechoslovak working class was the quicker to realize where the mistake lay.

Ever since January, when the Novotny wing was eliminated, we have known that we were playing with fire. Not that we thought our policy was wrong but we remembered only too well the reaction of our own neo-Stalinists or old-type Communists, or whatever one wants to call them, to similar manifestations elsewhere. We were just hoping that our neighbors' fears and antagonisms would be controlled by reason, and that, once we had proved to them that our road was right, they would be able without any further fear to adopt whichever features of our experiment they chose. We knew that the people in those countries were on our side. It was quite possible that their own situation

Coming Soon

PAUL O'DWYER by Pete Hamill
RAFFERTY vs. CRANSTON by Phil Kerby
THE NEGRO AND THE CANDIDATES (Three Views)

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was even more tense and intolerable. That, of course, made the danger even greater, but Dubcek believed in the force of human reason. He believed that it could conquer even the fear of losing power. It did not.

In the middle of a joyfully peaceful summer, just as we thought the main danger was over and that we would now get a chance to prove we were right—in that terrible, evil, incredible night of August 20-21, the darkness suddenly and strangely came to life. I had just got back to my home on Hradcany Square, directly opposite the castle and the President's residence, when the noise of a fast-moving car, disturbing the nocturnal quiet, seemed to repeat itself with a strange regularity. It was not alarming, just irritating. The government and the President often gave receptions in the evening, so there was nothing particularly striking about it.

Then came the aircraft. The deep engine drone of low-flying machines. One, two, three, ten, twenty. Some night exercise, I thought. I dialed the call service. I wanted to be awakened at eight. "Sure. Eight o'clock," the girl repeated. "You know that the Russians are occupying the country? It's just been announced on the radio."

It was fantastic. Occupying? Why, what, whom? For a while one's mental images tried to fall into some logical pattern. The drone of the aircraft grew louder, the cars were arriving faster. Suddenly these unconnected items connected into a plot. It was not yet real; just a plot in one's mind, triggered by the sounds. Some troops moving along some roads to some other city. Not to Prague; that was impossible. To some other city.

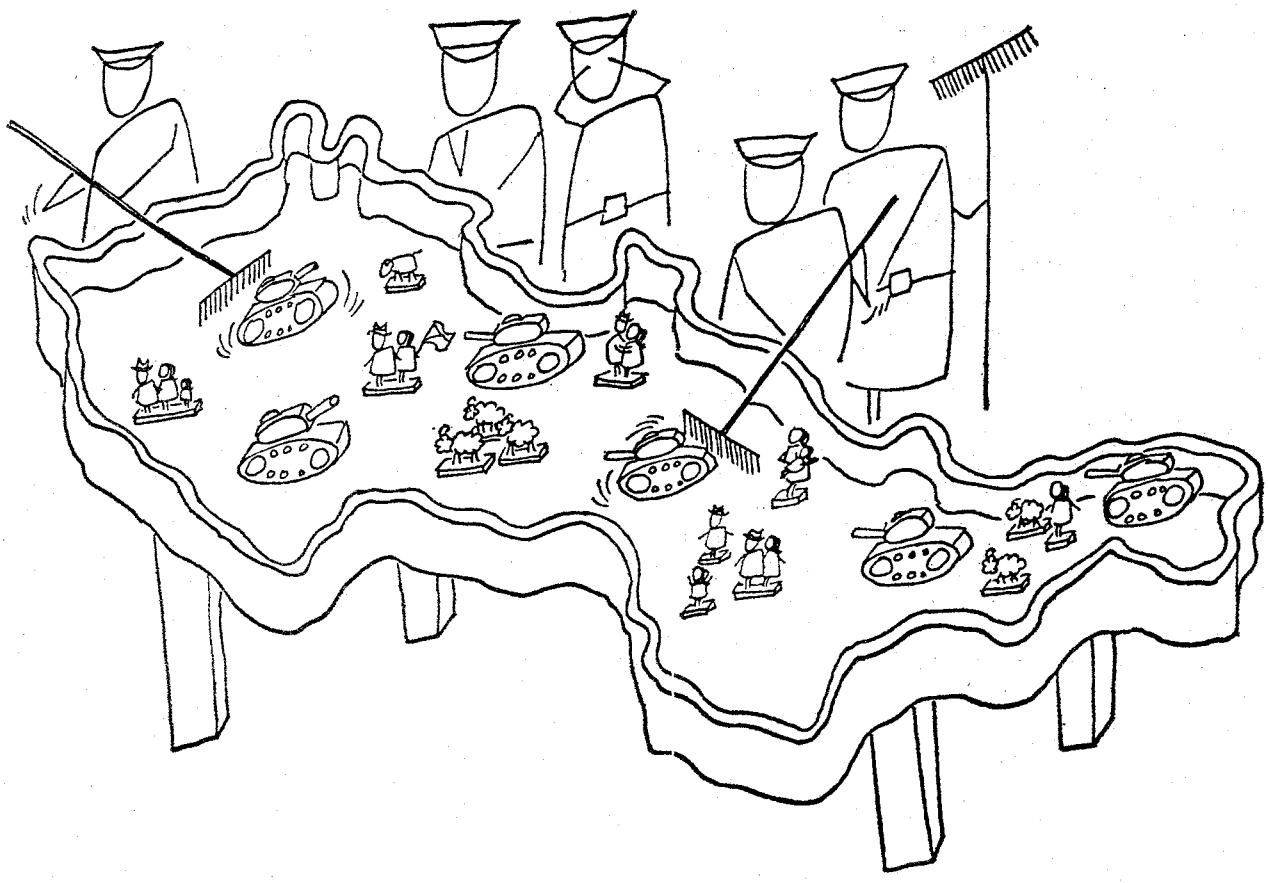
Then a frightful, frightening memory blended in. March 15. Hitler's occupation. Concentration camps. Executions. It was impossible. And outside the dawn was breaking, the square outside the castle was empty—in two or three hours it would be full of cars, tourists, children, lovers—and only up in the sky hung the drone of invisible aircraft.

I turned on the radio. A voice which before long would be engraved on all hearts spoke of Warsaw Pact troops. Of how they were occupying Czechoslovakia and how it was too late for any resistance. And then came the words we had heard so many times: Keep calm. Keep calm.

There was a fierce roar and clanking. I turned to the window. An enormous tank was entering the square at a furious speed, followed by another, and a third, and a fourth, and like antediluvian monsters the whole column raced round the square, and around again, and behind them came tracked vehicles full of soldiers. Most of the tanks had their hatches open and the crews were looking out at the buildings. The square was dead. The tanks took up position in front of the castle, traversed their guns to point at the seat of the government. A tank blocked one entrance into the square; a tracked infantry carrier blocked the other.

The nightmare had taken on substance. It was not any more real or any more comprehensible, but it had materialized and you could now touch it.

Under my window a cordon of soldiers formed up, with



From a page of drawings by the Czechoslovak cartoonist, Ivan Steiger, published in The Christian Science Monitor

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red paratroop berets and submachine guns slung over their shoulders. Well-turned-out, well-dressed soldiers. They were waiting for something to happen. Nothing happened. We were an occupied country.

Prague woke up to a bad dream. Nobody understood—and when they had understood they understood even less. A city that was free yesterday was to become unfree at the touch of a button. The truth proclaimed, pursued and defended only yesterday was to be abolished. A group of quislings were to come marching out of the castle gates to welcome the invaders with the traditional bread and salt.

But truth was not silenced and no one came marching out of that gate. The city filled with young people, from 14 to 22 or 25, and there began one of the strangest occupations in history. Everyone knew at once that the nerve center of the country was the radio. One crowd therefore spontaneously made for the Radio Center and, without weapons, placed itself in the path of the advancing tanks.

"Keep calm. Let your weapon be passive resistance. Don't be provoked into bloodshed. That's what they are waiting for. Don't be provoked!" The words rang out from all the loud-speakers in the streets, and from all transistors. The tanks stopped, alarmed. The human bodies would not let them pass. Obstacles appeared—an overturned bus, some automobiles. Immediately above their heads a reporter was giving the world a running commentary of the battle for the Radio Center. It was an absurd performance —part Havel, part Gogol. A squad of Russian soldiers entered the building, ripped two telephones from their sockets at the reception desk, camped down in the foyer and lit cigarettes. Their officer set out on a tour, and on two floors he locked the office doors. One did not have a key, which put him out a little, but at least he had tried. Then he reported back to his commanding officer with the pride of a mission successfully accomplished. Except that he had omitted to lock up the teleprinter room and the principal operational offices. And so, while he was taking a rest, an account of his exploit was already being broadcast to the world and the radio continued to function.

Out in the street a type of defense was taking shape that was to develop into an art in the next few days. Coordinated by the radio, the young people conducted not so much a passive as a nonviolent resistance, a technique they had perfected in their dealings with a progressively less tough police of their own.

Above all, they were treating the occupiers with ironical contempt. "What are you doing here?" they would say to them, jovially slapping them on the back. "Is that a way to go visiting?"

The education of the Stalin era boomeranged in an unexpected way. The young people, into whom Russian had been drilled in grade after grade, were able to communicate with the unhappy invaders. In Russian script they wrote on the pavements, on trees, and even on the tanks themselves. *Go home. What do you want here? Dubcek. Svoboda.* But also *Munich 1938; Prague 1968. This is not Vietnam. Home, dogs.*

But in front of the Radio Center the situation was more tense. The tank crews, faced with the crowd, panicked. They opened fire. First over their heads; then at the people and into windows. Flames leapt up. One tank was on fire. Then another. And the café across the road. And another building. Some dead were lying on the pavement. And wounded. When an ambulance came to pick them up the tanks maneuvered so as to bar its way.

The sound of firing also came from Wenceslas Square. One burst hit the young people on the museum ramp. And still the radio went on reporting each incident, its reporters driving through the city with their tape recorders, the cameramen shooting dramatic sequences—under machine-gun fire if spotted—and a few streets farther down other crowds of young people were pushing round tanks and infantry carriers, arguing with their crews. "Explain their mistake to them," the radio was urging. "Convince them." And from windows and doors and loudspeakers voices were calling out to the invaders in their own language.

"Halt!" a soldier shouted at a young girl in the square outside the castle. She was on the way to buy her groceries round the corner. She handed him her shopping bag and money. "All right, stupid—you go and do my shopping for me!" He dropped his eyes and turned round.

A short distance away a group of young people stood around the tank which was blocking the way into the square. One of the soldiers helplessly shrugged his shoulders and wept. A little later a girl of about 17, in a miniskirt and with long hair, placed herself in front of the tank and read out, in Russian, an appeal to the occupying forces.

Vltava radio, the station operated by the Russians in the hope of winning over the public, broadcast an interview with the mother of a Russian soldier; she was proud that her son had hastened to the aid of Prague, the city during whose liberation his father had been killed. Prague radio replied: That mother would do better to dry the tears of the mothers of the young people whom her son perhaps had shot dead without any reason.

Abruptly, like an icy wind sweeping over the surface of a lake, the square was transformed into a battlefield. The lazily strolling soldiers scuttled to the trees, dropped down on their knees, machine guns started barking, and an anti-tank gun jerkily maneuvered on a piece of lawn where only yesterday children had been playing. Then came the crack of tanks firing, then more machine guns, then again the sharp crack of cannon fire, and finally the "Urra" of a charge.

What were they capturing? I don't know. I could not see any farther because of the trees, and I could not move any closer. And a little later, only a short distance away, mini-skirted girls, contemptuously indifferent, were telling the troops to go home, sticking up posters, and chalking swastikas on their tanks.

Then a bunch of boys and girls arrived—excited, angry. Their leader, bearded and long-haired, was carrying a Czechoslovak flag spattered with blood. "You're killing children," they were shouting in Russian. "Here's the blood of one of our friends."

The sun was shining, the girls had put on their prettiest dresses, over the city reverberated the peal of church bells

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and the wail of sirens in protest against the occupation, and the soldiers, uncomprehending in their steel boxes, were hungry and thirsty. "Not a crust of bread, not a drop of water for the invaders," the slogan swept the country. Stupid brutal force had lost the day. Facilities which had once served totalitarianism—the apparatus of the Communist party, the network of municipal radio transmitters—everything now turned against the invaders and forged the whole nation into a perfectly functioning army of unarmed resistors.

It was pure Kafka-like, the whole of Prague with its narrow streets, its gargoyles and its churches. It was incomprehensible, terrifying and ridiculous. On one side frightened soldiers firing at children, and on the other a tank crew in tears. On one of the bridges a friend of mine was stopped by a soldier who released the safety catch of his submachine gun and ordered him to go back. When he tried another bridge he was again stopped, but this soldier was merely scrounging cigarettes.

"Aren't you ashamed?" an old woman asked a head sticking out from a mountain of steel. The head stared at her open-mouthed.

"Pardon me," I said. "Would you move your tank a little so I can drive out?" The tracks clanked obligingly. He let me through and then backed his tank again to its original position.

CITY OF RUMORS

DETROIT'S YEAR WITHOUT NEWS

JEROME AUMENTE
Mr. Aumente is an urban affairs writer for The Detroit News.

Detroit

Detroit is slowly groping back to normal after enduring the nation's longest strike of major newspapers on record, but the fifth largest city in the United States somewhat resembles an amnesia victim whose serious information gaps will never be bridged. The prolonged shutdown of *The Detroit News* and *The Detroit Free Press,* which sell 1.3 million papers daily, hit the population in a debilitating way. As information dried up, the ability to make decisions, to bring about political and social change, or simply to achieve peace of mind, went with it.

The strike of 267 days began in November, 1967, only months after the most destructive riot in the nation's memory. The dialogue of recovery was muted at its most crucial point, and that was a real tragedy. For Detroit was a city turning inward, with many of its citizens living in dread of the racial situation. The reminder was in the faint outline of former glass store fronts in the slums, now bricked, cemented or sealed with cinder block. A fortress mentality prevailed, and behind the embrasure-like openings, the wrought iron grills and metal bars, there was an uneasy waiting for the next siege.

Rumors swirled like leaves in the fall of 1967 after the summer riot. Left unchallenged through the winter of the strike and into last spring, their virulence grew. Guns were stockpiled by both blacks and whites, and in the suburbs neighborly patterns of protective cross fire were arranged. Some disheartened Detroiters hung signs in their windows: "This House Is Not Armed." Effigies of civil rights and black leaders were hung from lampposts in a downtown plaza.

Through all this, private polls taken by the city showed that in both black and white areas, the fear of street crime was all-consuming. A mimeographed broadside, "Alarm," was distributed by an extreme right-wing group with a Dearborn address and calling itself the "Patriotic Party." It asked: "Can you survive the next riot? Next time they will destroy all the utilities, gas, water, lights, phones, and plan to murder all policemen and their families." The party urged as a number-one priority: "Have a gun and plenty of ammunition. Nothing wrong with a bow and arrow." These pamphlets found their way into the ghettos, and black militants reacted with a demand for counter arming.

After months of such volatile nonsense, Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh warned in a special television address last March: "Fear is fueled by rumors, and rumors have been rampant from Grand Boulevard to the Grosse Pointes . . . . Without newspapers in this city, these rumors have spread by word of mouth until they have taken on the aspect of truth and a basis for action.

"Victimized by rumors, the citizens of Detroit—both Negro and white—are arming themselves in unprecedented numbers. And in the suburbs surrounding Detroit gun sales have soared."

Mayor Cavanagh announced the formation of a "Rumor Control Center" at the city's Commission on Community Relations (CCR) and shortly after the broadcast the lines were swamped with 500 calls. The pace continued at 300 a day for a week. When Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was killed, the daily volume jumped to 1,500, while Detroit underwent a tight curfew. The sight of National Guard on the streets reawakened painful memories of the previous summer.

The bulk of the calls came from whites, and the most prevalent fear was a murderous black invasion of the suburbs. The carved Tiki gods and Afro dress worn by some black nationalists fanned the imagination of fearful whites. They accepted the rumors that the blacks carried bullets around their necks with the names of police and their children scratched into the casing.

Following Dr. King's death, two policemen were wounded in a machine-gunning, and a wave of more minor incidents was reported. But Detroit escaped the violence of

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the rest of the country, and people were curiously reassured by the realization that another big riot was not inevitable. The phone calls dropped to about thirty a day. But the positive effect of this relaxation of tension was not felt by a metropolitan population deprived of its newspapers.

Richard Marks, director of the CCR, believes that the steady flow of rumors reflected an inability of television to fill the information gap. People were getting the headlines, but these cryptic mountain peaks of news lacked "the details that so often form the binder of communications."

Without exception, persons interviewed in public and private life felt that, while television and radio helped, they did not satisfactorily replace the information supplied by the normal print media. Some stations extended their news shows, but the result was to add water to an already thin soup. Coverage was "longer but not wider," one viewer complained. Another said: "There is no sensitive exploration of the issues, or any depth. You get a solid blast, but no thought."

However, the local affiliate of the N.E.T. network, WTVS, had an unusual opportunity to experiment with the televising of news when the Ford Foundation, at the urging of Fred W. Friendly, made the station an emergency grant of $42,000. With this money, the station produced a one-hour "Television City Room," Monday through Friday, from November, 1967, to March, 1968. The format, conceived and executed by unemployed newsmen from the *Free Press,* consisted of a round-robin discussion of national and world news, twenty-minute segments of important local stories read by the newsmen who covered them, special reports, interviews and a reading of the comics.

WTVS has a potential saturation of 68 per cent of the 800,000 homes, but Louis Slyker, station manager and program director, estimated that the audience never exceeded 50,000 homes. This was still impressive, and so were several thousand calls and letters. San Francisco's educational TV station, KQED, got Ford backing for a similar project when a strike closed that city's papers a few weeks later. [See "TV's First Real Paper" by Michael Harris, *The Nation,* March 18.]

The Ford Foundation was embarked on a multimillion-dollar educational television support program, and the Detroit project was a "hangnail grant" that was not extended beyond March. WTVS then sought local support, but found potential contributors under pressure not to give. Slyker said "the party line was that we were prolonging the strike by our presence." He declined to say where the alleged pressure came from, only that it was not labor.

The show offered an alternative to the hit-and-run approach of most broadcast news, but Slyker had to admit: "We don't think TV and radio can fill the gap of newspapers, much as we tried to do so." It was impossible to duplicate the breadth of content or the ability to read a paper at leisure, not on schedule.

Thus many important developments that will affect the Detroit area for years went almost unnoticed. The New Detroit Committee, a coalition of community leaders working with moderate and militant blacks, undertook a major program for the hard-core unemployed, won state open housing laws, and initiated a wide variety of social and physical programs. While hampered by a break with the militants, it did achieve some dialogue. The committee won wide national publicity, but at home its effects were muffled. In April, it had to issue its first major progress report, setting goals for years to come, without the dailies to report, support or evaluate its work.

Detroit's Model Cities project encompasses a 9-square-mile area of 125,000 population. The crucial election for its citizens' governing board went relatively unnoticed in May. Leaders say they were unable to get adequate coverage on television. Only a court action that related to the election date thrust the event into prime news time. Whites in the proposed development area remained lethargic until an article in *The Wall Street Journal,* indicating that there was the likelihood of a black take-over, brought them into action.

Many of the findings of the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, even its reason for being, centered on Detroit. But when its report appeared, there were no responsible papers to give daily interpretation. The political flip-flops of Gov. George Romney, the decision of President Johnson not to run, the murders of Dr. King and Robert Kennedy, the opening of the Paris peace talks, the crisis of the French students' strike, passed in the silence of the strike.

Legislators in Lansing, the state capital, took the newspaper blackout as a time to slip through pet legislation; at the same time, the fight for meaningful open housing legislation was hampered by the absence of strong editorial support. A suburban weekly editor said, in fact, that the whole flow of political stories from the state capital dried up without the prodding influence of the two metropolitan dailies.

Within the city, the council race split along racial lines and there was little understanding of the candidates' positions, or even a clear idea of how many were running. The council voted a controversial stop-and-frisk ordinance, and rejected a local gun-control law. A special high school study commission found the Detroit system "appallingly inadequate and a disgrace to the community"; coverage and explanation of these important events were missing. Perhaps the only time Mayor Cavanagh did not regret the absence of the papers was during his divorce proceedings and the custody fight for his children.

John Hersey's *Algiers Motel Incident* was published during the summer, and the judge immediately ordered a six-month delay in the trial of a Detroit policeman implicated in the killing of three young blacks at the motel during the 1967 riot. Without the newspapers, the legal maneuvers leading up to the trial and the delay were not adequately reported, and the feeling of the black community that nothing was being done was the greater without a day-by-day chronology of the case.

Pressure for the return of the newspapers mounted. Romney said he would even ask President Johnson for help (but didn't). The strike became a center of state

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senate hearings, federal court action, and comment in Congress. Citizens petitioned for an end to the strike and threatened a subscription freeze. Rival newsmen from the two papers prepared a joint statement calling for a settlement and warned: "These are most critical times for this city. . . . Detroit is gripped by fear and misguided by rumor and misinformation."

Meanwhile, the convention time drew near, and Michigan is an important state politically, both for its reservoir of labor support in unions like the UAW and for the national focus of George Romney. Nelson Rockefeller knew this and scheduled a massive advertising campaign for the metropolitan area. He canceled it when the strike dragged on beyond the Miami convention.

Pre-election polls that *The Detroit News* would have conducted would have indicated the popular support for Rockefeller and Eugene McCarthy in out-state communities. McCarthy was able to attract a crowd of 15,000 at Tiger Stadium despite a drenching downpour. Rev. Albert Cleage, Jr., a Detroit minister and nationally known black militant leader, chose the rally as the occasion to endorse the Senator, but the effect was lost.

Labor came out early, and solidly, for Humphrey in Michigan, and labor newspapers cranked out pre-convention support. The UAW split over an endorsement before the convention. Walter Reuther is a close friend of the Vice President, but he is also a dove on the war. Some others on the union's executive board had supported Robert Kennedy. Eventually, the UAW would fall in line behind whoever was the Democratic candidate, but meanwhile it waited. The Democratic delegation to Chicago had no reason to shift its allegiance from Humphrey.

And Romney might have been prodded into a more vigorous support of Rockefeller. True, the Michigan Governor was still smarting from the backhanded support the New York Governor had given his candidacy, but the Michigan delegation was strongly supporting Rockefeller. Romney remained uncommitted before going to Miami. There were no papers to prod him.

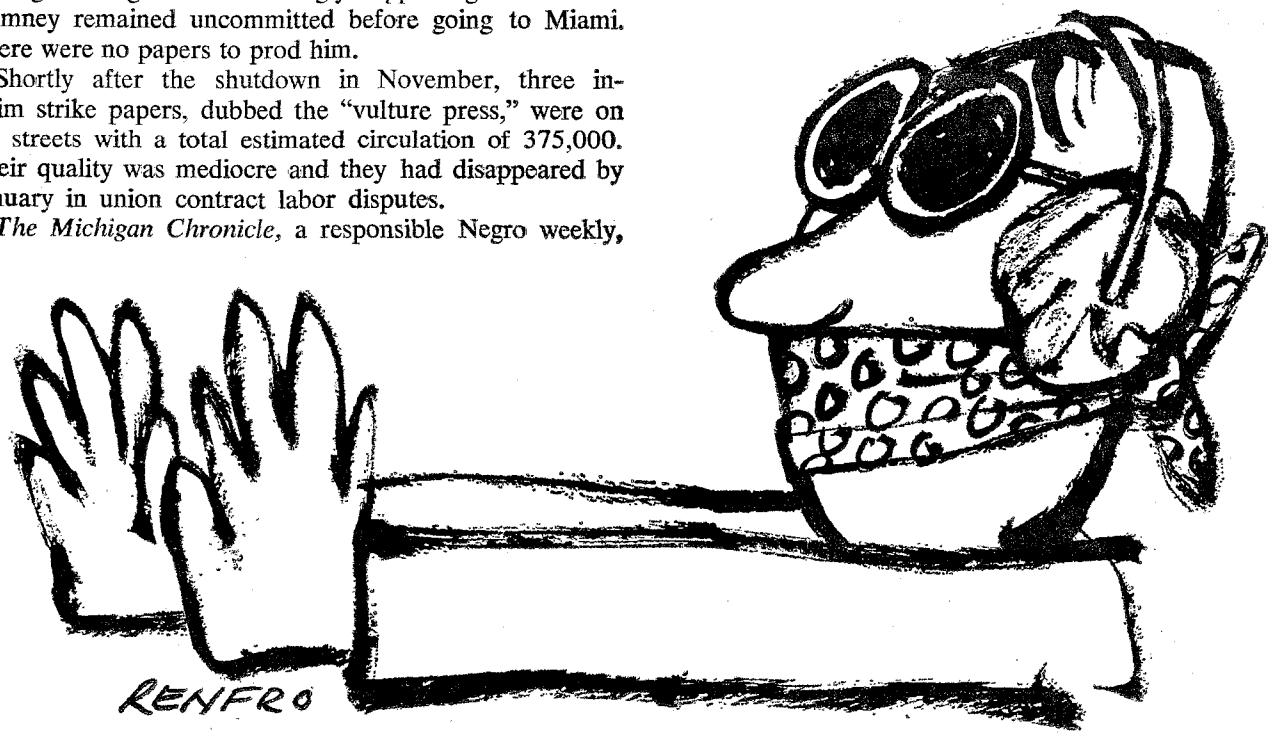
Shortly after the shutdown in November, three interim strike papers, dubbed the "vulture press," were on the streets with a total estimated circulation of 375,000. Their quality was mediocre and they had disappeared by January in union contract labor disputes.

The Michigan Chronicle, a responsible Negro weekly, enjoyed robust growth. A moderate biweekly Negro paper, *Detroit Tribune,* was born. Militant black weeklies appeared; one of them, *The Inner City Voice,* carried such headlines as "Racist Cop Beats Black Mother." A new daily, *The Black and White Reporter,* promised a biracial approach to the news.

Other new publications came and went, the most vivid splash of yellow journalism being *The Detroit American.* It pandered crime news and sensational headlines, with veiled racial references to Negro crimes. Its somewhat archaic tone is illustrated by an excerpt from a daily feature, "Police Blotter": "A new atrocity, the beating and shooting of a 27-year-old Detroiter as he lay helpless on the sidewalk by a merciless street cur because he had no money to surrender has been recorded by police. . . . Another shooting of a helpless lone man by a four-man jackal pack [was reported] and the valiant counter-attack by a citizen with a pocket knife who drove off four punks, two of them armed, despite the fact that the whelps fired six shots at him. . . ."

Merchants turned out their own handbills, and postmen worked overtime to handle the flood of emergency mailings. "Since the strike we've been engulfed by garbage," a housewife said. "Shoppers, folders . . . a whole trash barrel full. They stuff up the mailbox." Business showed a decline among the smaller merchants who depend on advertising; the larger stores with established clientele were less affected. The 1967 Christmas sales figure was up 6 per cent from the previous year, though still below expectations. A woman sensed a new phenomenon: "I notice more people sharing information. Did you know that? Did you hear that?—calling each other."

The strike had been agonizingly extended by a "blueprint for bedlam" in which twenty-three separate contracts had to be negotiated with fourteen separate unions



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at each newspaper. Any one union could walk out, bringing a general strike, as happened when the Teamsters struck during negotiations last November. There is a growing sentiment from both publishing and union sources for some reform that would make it impossible for a single union thus to trigger a general strike against the will of the majority of the unions.

Both *The Free Press* and *The Detroit News* say that they will never be silenced again, but have not said how they can be so sure. However, the *News* undertook a voluntary training program of nonstriking employees and thus achieved the capacity to produce a newspaper of limited size, if needed. *The Free Press* is reported able to do the same by marshaling resources from other newspapers in the Knight chain. Although neither management resorted to the extreme of publishing its own paper, the ability to do so adds credibility to their vow not to tolerate another extended shutdown.

Meanwhile, the metropolitan area seeks to recover from the experience. One cannot avoid the feeling that its growth was stunted by lack of information. The interim diet was a thin substitute, in some cases a harmful one. The permanent effects of the malnutrition will not be measured for some time.

COLOR BLIND FROM BIRTH

ELEANOR HECKERT

Mrs. Heckert, a resident of the Virgin Islands, is the author of a novel, Mucovado, *which is about to appear in paper reprint. She is now completing a second novel under contract with Doubleday.*

St. Thomas, V.I.

If you had an accident in the Virgin Islands, and were rushed to the hospital for emergency surgery, the chances are four to one that your surgeon would be black, and only one of your three nurses would be white. Should you wish later to pursue the legal niceties of the accident, you would know that of the 200 policemen who might investigate the case, 196 are black, and that the chances were even that a black judge would hear your case in municipal court. Eighty per cent of newspaper coverage of your adventure would be controlled by blacks.

And if you had arrived recently from the States, where "burn, baby, burn" vies with "law and order" and Huey Newton confronts George Wallace across an impasse of hate, you might be afraid. But you would not need to be. In these island outposts of the United States, your white skin would not be held against you. Neither, however, would it gain you an advantage. And of course you would be outnumbered five to one.

Integration is an almost ancient fact in these islands, a strange sort of integration wherein the white man has come to seek acceptance from the black. A few more statistics and then a little history: Of the estimated 54,000 residents of the Virgin Islands, 17 per cent are white. In the public schools about 70 per cent of students and 75 per cent of teachers are black. Three out of five principals are white. About 90 per cent of the students at the new College of the Virgin Islands are black, but the faculty is about half white.

Of the fifteen Senators in the Virgin Islands legislature, twelve are black. On the other hand, of the sixteen American Governors appointed (by the U.S. President) since the United States bought the islands from Denmark in 1917, only three have been black, and those in fairly recent years. The smart money here says that the first elected governor will be a white man, but not because he is white. He is native.

The intended implication is that the largest part of such discrimination as does exist here is of an older sort, not drawn on lines of color but according to whether one was born here or came from somewhere else. And it happens that, while a good many natives are white (mostly of French, Dutch and Danish origin), a large part of the immigrant population (from neighboring British and French islands, where work is scarce and wages are incredibly low) is black.

Integration came to these islands (the U.S. Virgins, comprising St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix) before the Americans took possession fifty-one years ago. In 1835, Peter von Scholten, the Danish Governor-General, invited intelligent and well-tutored slaves to his formal dinner parties. Foreseeing the certainty of emancipation, von Scholten was eager to establish social possibilities between responsible Negroes and the whites they would have to deal with, once free. His first attempt failed; the white guests, having heard of his plan, did not show up. But the Danish colonists were essentially a liberal lot, and from the time of the second attempt at an integrated dinner party until the present, Government House has been the scene of mixed gatherings. Von Scholten's mistress, a free colored woman, was his hostess at both political and social functions.

Von Scholten is given much of the credit for obtaining King Christian's signature on a bill (in July, 1847) proclaiming all children henceforth born of slaves to be free. The bill stated further, however, that the slaves themselves were to remain in bondage for twelve more years, so that they could be educated for their freedom. The promise of freedom was not enough for the slaves and they threatened to revolt unless they had freedom now. They got it within the year, and from 1848 the blacks of these three islands have been not only free but possessed of goods and a very real power to control their own destiny.

Like the Governor-General, other influential Danes had openly loved, and often married, their Negro women. As a result, the larger part of the islands' real estate was

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owned by citizens of mixed blood when the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over Fort Christian.

For a good many years integration—complete integration as far as one can tell—was quietly and innocently practiced as daily routine. Marriage and social congress between the races were not considered unusual. There were occasional complaints of discrimination when the white U.S. military personnel (for Washington recognized the islands' strategic advantages) were generous with their seed but unwilling to assume the responsibilities of an integrated family life. But for the most part, black and brown and white moved about without giving much thought to color.

The integration that was a natural state in this primitive community turned into an economic necessity about twenty years ago with the considerable ingress of white entrepreneurs from the United States and Europe. These businessmen saw a potential that had escaped the imagination of all but a very few natives: tourism. The newcomers were possessed of capital, business ideas, energy and faith in the growth of the islands. As they began to prosper, so did the large majority of heretofore desperately poor natives; the per capita income for the Virgin Islands became (and remains) the highest in the entire Caribbean area. Thus the now powerful black middle class was born.

And with the incredibly rapid growth of tourism came an unspoken knowledge that complete racial concord, or at least the appearance of it, was essential to the islands' economic foundation. When there is racial disturbance, the visitor almost never gets a whiff of it. In fact, the proofs of working integration are so dazzling and refreshing to the newcomer that he is easily led to imagine a perfection that does not exist.

In the last year there have been several minor racial conflicts and the murder of two whites by blacks. (Most local opinion would say, perhaps defensively, that these were the direct results of agitation from stateside black militants.) The first murder took place immediately following the news that Martin Luther King had been killed. It was very simple: a black man walked into a restaurant in St. Croix and killed (by his own admission) the first white man he saw. The second was the killing of the publisher of a local liberal and controversial magazine by a Negro who had displayed "kill whites" signs on his taxi several months earlier, and who had for that reason been removed from the streets by black policemen. It is generally thought that the man is insane. Everyone concerned about the island's future thinks of these incidents as horrible exceptions to an otherwise nearly satisfactory situation.

Rumors have been circulating, some of which seem reliable, that certain Black Power groups will be the first to bring the notion of real racism to the islands—that in fact the basic strategy for infiltration has already been laid. I discount any strong possibility of success for such movements. I am not, of course, speaking of those groups whose aim in the States is to forward the cause of integration; here they would find the situation far too advanced to be worth their efforts. But anyone or any group devoted to violence as a means of achieving black separation would lack the slogans that would mean anything to anyone. It is a simple fact that equality of opportunity is a way of life here—in education, in housing, in jobs, in social situations. The kind of discrimination that is in fact a problem (i.e., that displayed by "natives" toward "off-islanders," black or white) would only, I think, work against any attempt by outside militant groups to change the present situation.

But this in turn suggests one group that might be susceptible to the arguments of militants from the States: the off-island blacks, who have indeed been faced with living conditions comparable (in some ways) to the ghettos in America. About 12,000 bonded aliens work in the U.S. Virgin Islands. Black and white islanders employ aliens almost exclusively as domestics, and aliens swell the rank of businesses that are in need of menial or hard labor. Natives tend to eschew such work, preferring such jobs as driving their own taxis or office work. Here the alien is at a disadvantage and is made to feel it—in the already overcrowded housing and hospital facilities and in the schools.

There is a great deal of social interaction between blacks and whites in the upper economic strata. The educated, affluent Negro appears to accept his white counterpart without challenge. If he has hidden misgivings, they most probably stem from a fear of losing his island culture and heritage. Blacks of this class have been forced to develop a razor-sharp sense of tolerance, for they have in most cases been exposed to long periods of white arrogance during stateside education, military service or business dealings.

No statistics, alas, are available concerning interracial sexual drives in the islands; and since the subject is bound to lurk in the back of most readers' minds, I offer a personal sampling of opinion. One black woman friend voiced a feeling I have heard expressed commonly: "I could be attracted to white guys here, but I simply won't let myself. I have the distinct impression that a white man wouldn't value me or take me seriously. He doesn't in the States; why should he here?" A white woman's response to the question of her inclination toward black men: "I've been involved that way, but never again. The attraction on their part is spurious. I doubt that a Negro would ever trust my motives, even though *I* know he has good reason to." And from a black man: "I've reached the point where I don't want to go out with white women any more. In the beginning I suppose my desire for them was mostly curiosity. But a lot of these tourist chicks come running down here on a fling and they think a black man's here for them to use. There's a sign on them that says 'look at me, I'm liberal' but when it's all over they shake hands and are as businesslike as a Cuban prostitute. No thanks, not for me." And from a white man: "White women ought to take a lesson from the colored girls I know. White women tend to let you take something for a price—oh, not a monetary price but a psychological one. Colored women have a more giving nature."

Today, less than half the real estate (and only a small portion of the real value) of the islands is owned by blacks. Along the main streets it is easy to see that the

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white man definitely controls retail business. Of white owners, mainlanders rather than natives are in the majority, but several vast business empires are owned or controlled by white natives. It is said that all but a few Virgin Islanders have been too close to the woods to see the big bills growing on the trees. It is also said that they feel a deep resentment of the whites to whom they have sold the vineyard.

And what about the wealthy stateside black businessmen? If our spring is so sweet and pure, why have so few of them come to taste the water? Here I must rely on the voice of one Negro from the States who had been very successful in business on St. Thomas, but eventually sold his interests and returned home. He said he had left the islands so that his children could have the benefits of a more cultural atmosphere. When I asked him if the discrimination he would face back home was worth the exchange, he smiled and asked, "What discrimination? It's 'in' to be black today."

Many of the bright younger black natives are leaving the islands for a wider variety of job opportunities and very few mainland blacks are coming to take their places. Some blacks from the States say the local natives resent them (which is true) and make it difficult for them to live and work here. Some say the cost of living is disproportionate to the low salaries, and still other say the islands have nothing to offer the black man except a good climate and a very groovy spot for retirement.

White tourists (and why almost all the tourists here *are* white is a matter that has puzzled me for years) often forget to leave their racial hang-ups at home, and this sometimes presents problems for all of us who live here. A black doctor friend tells me of a white woman who was brought to the hospital after an automobile accident. Only emergency surgery could save her life. As she was being wheeled along the corridor she became conscious ond cursed my friend and the nurses, telling them all to keep their black hands off her. I asked the doctor if he had not been tempted to do just that, and let her bleed to death. "We have to be tolerant of people like that," he said softly. "Before she left the hospital she even liked us."

More recently, after another automobile accident, a teen-age son of white islanders found himself in the emergency room, where the black nurses and doctor treating him began to talk about race relations in the States. As the doctor took a stitch in the patient's eyebrow, he hesitated. Looking into the boy's eyes he grinned broadly and said: "You better believe black is beautiful."

CALIFORNIA BREAKTHROUGH

SOCIAL REFORM THROUGH LAW

ED CRAY

Mr. Cray is director of publications for the ACLU of Southern California. He has written on California politics for a number of national publications, and is at present completing a book on health care in the United States.

Los Angeles

The credentials of James Lorenz, 30, are impressive: Phillips Academy (high honors), Harvard '60 (*magna cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa), Harvard Law (another *cum laude*) and one of Spring Street's most influential law firms. Just four years out of school, he now heads a law office with a staff of 105 and a budget this year of $1.4 million. Yet for all these honors, it is unlikely that the former cross-country runner will ever be named Junior Chamber of Commerce man of the year. The waves he makes are much too big.

Lorenz is the director of California Rural Legal Assistance (CRLA), the two-year-old agency which has tripped up Governor Reagan, frustrated the U.S. Department of Labor, wrestled the state bar to a draw, infuriated the California Council of Growers, provoked the collection agencies' protective association, and alienated a parcel of politicians. At the same time, he and the staff members of CRLA have earned the wary trust of California's 600,000 rural poor.

When you are poor, it is hard to believe those who say they want to help you, harder still to hope that they can do so. The police, the law, the government belong to the growers, the banks, the collection agencies—to anybody but the poor. If you have little English, it is even more difficult to have trust.

You know your wages may be garnisheed if you can't make payments on the ten-year-old automobile. You know you may be denied welfare when the "Little Winter" comes to the Imperial Valley and you can't find work. You know there is no unemployment insurance for farm workers, though you work only six months a year to earn $1,378 for a family of five. You know the farmer is legally obliged to provide decent living quarters, and you know that no one seems to enforce the law when you are sleeping five in a room. You pay your taxes, but soon learn that the city will not give you water or sewers, or pave the hard-earth streets of Niggertown. You are poor, and it is very difficult to have hope; but the CRLA did stop the *braceros*.

It was a make-or-break case. "If we had backed down, we would never have had credibility with our clients," Lorenz explains. And it was a calculated risk: the implacable hostility of growers and their powerful lobby in exchange for the timorous support of the rural poor CRLA hopes to aid.

During the summer of 1967, CRLA had tried with no luck to negotiate the rehiring of two groups of farm workers in Salinas and Modesto. One group had been fired be-

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cause the members were believed to be in a farm workers' union, the other because they were to be replaced by *braceros*, Mexican nationals imported to work the fields at lower wages.

Where growers once brought *braceros* in freely, and such layoffs were common, Mexican nationals can now be used legally only if there is a labor shortage, if efforts have been made to recruit domestic workers at the $1.60 minimum wage, and if farmers have met various health and safety standards in the fields. In any event, *braceros* cannot be used on farms where a labor dispute exists, or if their coming would be to the disadvantage of domestic laborers.

The Bureau of Employment Security (BES) of the U.S. Department of Labor is charged with seeing that the federal regulations are met. In theory, it reviews evidence gathered by its own men and by the Farm Labor Bureau of the California Department of Employment. The evidence of compliance in hand, BES certifies to Immigration that all is well. Immigration brings across the *braceros*.

Five growers' associations asserted in 1967 that there was a shortage of domestic workers and that they were seeking help from the state's Farm Labor Bureau to find scarce harvesters. One of the five represented the farmer who had discharged CRLA's nine clients for union membership, yet now was claiming a labor shortage.

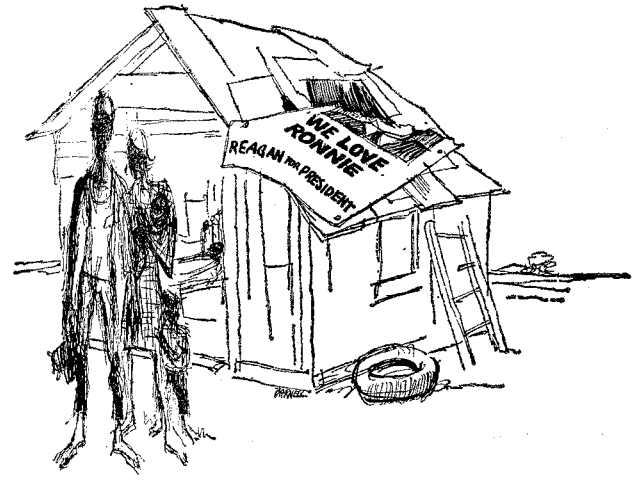
In theory, the state Farm Labor Bureau was checking on compliance with the law. CRLA attorneys were dubious and had amassed considerable documentary evidence to support their skepticism. The head of the bureau is William H. Tolbert, an appointee of Governor Reagan and a former employee of the California Citrus Growers Association, Southern Section. His appointment has been compared by one CRLA attorney to "making Dillinger chief of police."

Though he had been holding worker applications from growers' associations for some weeks, Tolbert delayed forwarding them to the federal Bureau of Employment Security until just before the tomato crop ripened. The delay put BES regional administrator, Glenn E. Brockway, in a bind. A close review of the applications would delay the use of *braceros*; meanwhile the 210,000-acre crop would rot on the vines.

Still seeking to regain the jobs of its unemployed clients, CRLA thought it had a bargaining wedge. Sheldon Greene, at 33 the oldest of CRLA's attorneys and head of its Modesto office, had gained the Department of Labor's assurance that prior to certification, he would be given an opportunity to present his clients' case. The use of *braceros* was much rumored when CRLA began making daily calls to BES. On September 6, Brockway rejected a California Department of Employment telegram requesting *braceros*. The telegram was "totally inadequate, as no supporting evidence was included," Labor officials explained.

Shortly after a phone call on the 7th, the first request for 800 *braceros* was received in BES's San Francisco office. At 4 P.M. the next day, without seeing the documentation demanded two days before, without checking on growers' compliance with the laws, and just five hours after reassuring CRLA that *no* requests for *braceros* had been acceptable, Brockway announced certification of the need for 8,100 *braceros*. Four of the growers' associations, asking for a total of 7,300 *braceros*, had yet to submit their requests. Not a single supporting document required by the regulations was in when Brockway made his announcement.

CRLA felt it had been double-crossed. Assured that it would take as long as three weeks to check upon compliance, Greene and Robert Gnaizda of the Salinas office had felt they would have ample opportunity to show Brockway that the associations and individual growers



were anything but in compliance with the law. Brockway shoulders full responsibility for the certification: "I made this judgment on my own, and without pressure from anyone. The action was precipitous, I must admit."

CRLA moved just as fast. The day after certification, Greene and Gnaizda were in court on behalf of their jobless clients, seeking an order to bar the *braceros*. A temporary restraining order was issued that day, and a full-scale hearing ordered for the 12th.

With the federal court order looming, BES agreed to the talks previously promised. Forty-eight consecutive hours of negotiation produced a settlement between Labor and CRLA. The 8,100 requested *braceros* were to be admitted (6,125 actually came in), and the suit which would have delayed them indefinitely was dismissed.

Twelve major concessions were made by the Department of Labor, the most important of which was the agreement to set up a seven-member panel to refashion the certification procedures. Three of the members were to be nominated by CRLA, three were to represent growers or their associations. CRLA's nominees would give farm workers for the first time a voice in determining the policy of the *bracero* program. How effective the panel will be remains to be seen. Brockway was forced to call more than 200 growers before he could find three who were willing to represent the farmers' interests, and brave the associations' ire.

The *bracero* case, Lorenz explains, "was really the test case to see if government will operate lawfully. Our clients are concerned about unequal justice, about morality, and if they have to obey the law, they want everyone else

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to do the same." Those who would be moral cannot often expect to be popular too. Lorenz and his thirty-three attorneys manning the ten state-wide offices of CRLA are resigned to being disliked.

The hostility would have taken its toll of the CRLA staff before now, were it not for the evangelical dedication Lorenz has fostered in his amalgam of Ivy Leaguers and idealists, chosen as much for their "Peace Corps" fervor as for their professional skills.

Fervor and skill are both needed, Gnaizda says, for CRLA's program "takes chances." Lorenz shrugs off the implication of legal derring-do, explaining that Gnaizda has a conservative outlook. But despite his air of equanimity, Lorenz is walking a tightrope. His program must be active enough to maintain the community support it has enlisted, yet cannot alienate too many people in high places. Paradoxically, and proportionately, the more effective CRLA is in defense of the rural poor, the more precarious its balance becomes.

CRLA has considerable opposition already. It had been in business little more than a year when Rep. Robert Mathias (R., Kern County) asked for a probe of its link to Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. The tie was obvious to the Congressman: Chavez is one of thirty-three CRLA board members. Mathias did not know that Chavez has yet to attend a meeting. His endorsement, not his intramural vote, is important to CRLA. An eight-month investigation by the government's General Accounting Office gave CRLA a clean bill of health.

After the *bracero* settlement, Rep. Burt Talcott (R., Monterey) warned the home folks in a press release from Washington that CRLA's "principal purpose in our area appears to be political, more than legal. Purporting to help the poor is simply a tactic to divert attention from their real motives."

Smarting from the *bracero* setback, the *California Farmer* editorialized: "It's painfully evident that the farmer is the enemy and that harassment is the order of the day." But California's farmers, who will gross $4 billion in 1968, could take heart. "We have Congressmen B. F. Sisk and Charley Gubser fighting for us at the Washington level," the magazine reassured its readership.

Congressmen Sisk and Gubser were not alone. In the Upper House, Sen. George Murphy called for the dismissal of Lorenz and CRLA's then associate director, Gary Bellow. Murphy went further, introducing an amendment to the Office of Economic Opportunity funding bill which would have barred the 250 neighborhood legal service programs from bringing suit against government agencies. Murphy complained that attorneys "have begun to challenge our laws all too often." He could not bring himself to believe "that affording legal advice, counsel and representation to persons unable to afford it in order to promote justice should include the right to bring suit against a federal, state or local agency supported by taxpayers' money when the party is represented by another agency or program which is financed by the same funds."

Senator Murphy singled out two suits for special attention: the *bracero* case; and what he termed an "all-out assault" on the Sutter County welfare department.

Sutter County's Board of Supervisors is not the most liberal in the state. The board has refused to approve poverty programs on the self-satisfied justification that there is no poverty in Sutter's Eden. CRLA had stuck in its legal oar when a get-tough welfare director refused to accept or process applications for aid to dependent children. Some would-be applicants were offered one-shot food orders; other were flatly turned away.

The Marysville office of CRLA filed thirty appeals with state Department of Social Welfare hearing officers, and launched a parallel lawsuit to bar future denials. Governor Reagan termed it "harassment of a county welfare director," ignoring, as did Senator Murphy, the fact that of the thirteen cases reviewed by the state, the applicants had won twelve. (The count now stands at eighteen of nineteen, and the one loss has been appealed.) The Senator also failed to mention that the state welfare director, John Montgomery, himself a Reagan appointee, formally criticized the Sutter County practice as not "in accordance with the law."

Despite Murphy's speech, the Senate on October 4 voted 52 to 36 against what American Bar Association president, Earl F. Morris, termed the "ill-conceived" amendment.

Two weeks later, the Board of Governors of the state bar association, naming no names, expressed "grave concern that certain of the proposed legislative changes relating to the subject legal service programs may seriously impair the independence and obligation of a lawyer to his client."

It was a tardy gesture, but gratefully accepted by CRLA, the more so since the state bar had unexpectedly opposed Lorenz's first funding request in 1966. The OEO legal services program from which the funding was to come, had been created to work in cooperation with the organized bar. It was one thing when rural legislators, responding to pressure from growers, claimed that CRLA was the legal arm of Cesar Chavez. It was quite another when the state bar, fearing the inroads of group legal practice, said the same thing. Lorenz flew off to Washington, and OEO sent him up to Capitol Hill. He survived Congressional grilling by stipulating that CRLA would take no union business, but did reserve the right to represent union members.

Meanwhile, Clinton Bamberger, then director of Legal Services for OEO, told Sargent Shriver that, bar or no bar, if CRLA were not funded, Shriver could look for a new director. Shriver waited a week, then in what Lorenz

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describes as a "what-the-hell mood," agreed to the $1.2 million request.

It took more than a year of negotiations for CRLA and the bar to make peace. The bar's opposition dissolved with the signing of an agreement with CRLA in June, 1967. Most of CRLA's opponents still had no more than a glimmer of the impact the organization might make. Lorenz, however, had given them fair warning. He wrote in the first proposal: "So far as the rural poor are concerned, the familiar saying that we are a society of laws, not of men, is, at best a half truth. Laws are passed, interpreted and enforced by men; legal rights depend upon political, economic and legal representation. Yet this is what the rural poor, particularly the farm workers, have consistently lacked." In short, CRLA was ambitiously bent on upsetting the power structure in rural California.

Two years spent at O'Melveny and Myers, a doyen among Spring Street's prestigious law firms, had taught Lorenz some hard lessons. There is a close relationship between law and socio-economic power, a pairing untaught in law school, and little discussed by most attorneys. Furthermore, influential law firms with extensive community ties exert an automatic deterrent effect; their mere appearance in a case helps avert legal entanglements. Lorenz hoped to bring to California's 600,000 rural poor a similar authority. He was, in effect, asking OEO to create in one stroke a major law firm which could compete with the old established offices. "CRLA needed that size and prestige," Lorenz explains. "Quality goes where complicated problems go, to the large firms"—one reason why offices such as O'Melveny and Myers can skim the cream of the law schools.

CRLA would not, certainly at the start, have that sort of prestige, and it could not offer job security to the bright young men Lorenz wanted on his staff. Instead, he had to hold out a challenge, the promise of social problems to solve by use of "test cases"—deliberately fashioned legal actions aimed at rectifying inequities in law which relegate the poor to legal poverty. For law school graduates, as for experienced attorneys, the prospect of making new law is tantalizing. Every attorney dreams, however idly, of arguing a case before the U.S. Supreme Court. Few do; CRLA was offering that opportunity.

Lorenz's idea of social reform through the law is all but unique in the OEO legal services program. Legal representation of the poor can take either of two forms: filing court actions to attack root problems, or coping with the immediate, day-to-day crises of people with too little money. Most of the country's OEO-funded programs take the latter course. They may envy CRLA's reputation and program, but the 250 OEO-funded legal offices have not often emulated them. Their offices become divorce- or traffic-court mills, their attorneys master hands at negotiating landlord-tenant disputes or filing bankruptcy petions. Overwhelmed by people needing help, the time spent on an individual client declines.

The quality of the legal representation also falls off. "Over half of the legal services in the United States don't provide even adequate legal representation for clients," says Lorenz, not a man to pull his punches. "About 75 per cent of California's 50 legal aid or OEO-supported law firms are mediocre or bad. They are consensus oriented, afraid to alienate pressure groups. Most must please the local bar association and the Community Chest agency which funds them, and keep the right wing placated."

Despite the controversy inherent in CRLA's notion of law reform, it has won converts. The most important is Earl Johnson, Jr., director of OEO's Legal Services Program. Quoted in *Barron's* magazine, Johnson said: "The primary goal of the War on Poverty's Legal Service Program should be law reform achieved by significant test cases that can revise the structure of the world in which the poor live."

Restructuring the world of the poor is easily misunderstood, or plainly disliked by those whose prerogatives are infringed. Their disaffection is troublesome, but need not be fatal, as long as the legal service program can rely upon community support. CRLA gains its support from groups not often described as "the Establishment." When organizing his board of directors, Lorenz went first to the farm workers themselves, then to liberal Jewish groups, the labor movement, and the Mexican-American community. From these disparate elements, he fashioned a board committed to his idea of social reforms through the law.

These are the groups to which CRLA must constantly prove itself, and it takes work. In its first two years, the firm has handled 11,000 cases for some 15,000 clients. Legal advice and negotiation between contentious parties dispose of the great majority of cases: fewer than 25 per cent end up in court.

Of the cases which do go to court, about one-third involve consumer or employment questions. Another third are domestic relations and housing matters. The remainder involve governmental agencies' interpretation of the law or regulations which discriminate against the poor.

Seventy-five per cent, Lorenz estimates, of the court actions are "service" cases—divorces, traffic fines, default judgments, wage garnishments. They have no impact on the law, and raise no particular community controversy. "Failure to take these service cases would give 'the other side' a handle to attack us," Lorenz says. "These routine cases in any event are good for training attorneys in the special problems of the poor." Sometimes, too, a routine service case can grow into something bigger, as did the *bracero* case. CRLA dutifully handles the service cases, but its attorneys are frankly more interested in law reform, what Lorenz describes as "the big work, the exciting work."

"The other side" looms large in the conversation of Lorenz and his associates. The threat posed is real, the pressure constant, and the defense against repeated attacks time-consuming. Gnaizda, CRLA's resident conservative, says Lorenz and former associate director Gary Bellow have a "special feeling" for their jobs. "A courage," he adds. Courage it just may be. CRLA will take on the biggest opponents. Like the Governor of California.

Gov. Ronald Reagan was upset with the Medi-Cal program, fashioned by the state legislature in 1965. A patchwork of new and existing programs, Medi-Cal paid

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the costs of hospital and nursing home care, laboratory services, drugs and physicians' services for medical indigents.

Seemingly the program began to run into financial difficulty when Governor Reagan took office. By November, 1966, the Governor's office was estimating costs for the coming year at $584 million. Then a revised estimate put the burden at $666 million, leaving the program in the red by $20-odd million. State Health and Welfare director Spencer Williams announced that Medi-Cal costs would be reduced by cutting services. Some 160,000 beneficiaries would be immediately lopped from the rolls and an estimated 1.5 million Californians could expect some reduction in tax-paid medical care. The program was to be restricted to the treatment of acute conditions and emergencies.

Twelve days after the announcement, Sheldon Greene, with the *bracero* victory under his belt, secured a court order prohibiting Governor Reagan from putting the retrenchment into effect. The order was based on the fact that contrary to the state law setting up the Medi-Cal program, the proposed reduction in services would place the program below the level of aid that had prevailed before Medi-Cal. In addition, three other requirements of state law were ignored in what CRLA called the "Draconian" slashes.

Governor Reagan had been caught with his staff work undone. The alarming deficit figures were suspect. (Six months later, it appears that Medi-Cal actually has a *surplus* that may run as high as $62.1 million.) The Governor's office had not read the Medi-Cal law closely; Williams' order had been issued without checking with the attorney general. The lower court order was made permanent, then ratified when the state supreme court upheld the injunction. With the *bracero* settlement already rankling, CRLA had delivered its second rebuke to the Governor.

It couldn't have come at a more unpropitious moment. While Greene jockeyed his clients' case through the courts, Lorenz was shaping CRLA's refunding proposal for 1968. Under the law setting up OEO and its legal services program, the state governors have a partial veto power. Their disapproval of a grant or a program can be overriden only by OEO's director. Such actions—in the face of political repercussions—are not frequent.

CRLA thus found itself at the untender mercies of the Governor's office. For a full month, four members of the Governor's staff worked through CRLA files looking for evidence of evil-doing. No one, including the Governor's men, knew what to look for. By the time they left, rumors of a veto were in the offing.

Lorenz spent a week in Washington lobbying for his program in the event the Governor vetoed or demanded major limitations in the CRLA program. Meanwhile CRLA's board members were lining up their constituency: senior citizens, social workers, law school deans, churches, labor unions, well-placed attorneys, and people who knew whom to call to get to people in high places.

Paul G. Zimmer, deputy director of the state OEO office, discounts CRLA's legal victories over the Reagan administration as lying behind the veto threat. Instead, he argues that the entire philosophy of the Governor's office is to involve more deeply the private sector in the poverty program. The bar associations are willing and able to take cases now handled by OEO-funded legal programs, CRLA included, Zimmer insists.

Be that as it may, late in December, United Press International quoted William P. Clark, the Governor's executive secretary and himself an attorney, as saying: "The encouragement of litigation has perhaps opened the door too wide to the indigent client." CRLA attorneys "have imposed burdens on rural courts," Clark continued, "by their incursions into social legislation."

A day later, OEO forwarded the approved CRLA request for review by the Governor's office. Assured that Sargent Shriver would override a Reagan veto if necessary, Lorenz followed the proposal with a cannonade.

The Reagan administration, he told *Los Angeles Times* labor editor, Harry Bernstein, "apparently looks with favor on helping poor people with legal services only if they are suing other poor people."

On January 9, rather than veto the program outright and risk a rebuke from Shriver (Zimmer insists the Governor's office had no knowledge of Shriver's intentions), Reagan sought fifteen modifications of the CRLA grant. Some were slight; some had long since been part of CRLA's agreements with the state bar and OEO; others would have gutted the program.

CRLA was "to discontinue the practice of accepting only 'selective' or 'landmark' type cases and shall be available for legal assistance to any and all eligible clients," the Governor's office demanded. This, in time, would turn CRLA into just another case-heavy legal aid. CRLA was to request authorization from local bar associations in counties where CRLA offered legal aid. Lacking that approval, hard to secure since some were overtly hostile, CRLA would close up shop. Before suing a government agency, CRLA was to make certain that would-be clients had been turned down by three private attorneys and any other legal aid programs in the area.

On January 13, Laurence P. Horan, Western regional director for OEO, flatly turned down the recommendations of the Governor's office. For the third time, CRLA had scored on the Governor.

But CRLA's future is not unclouded. At the end of this year, the Governor will again have an opportunity for a veto, and by then a Democrat sympathetic to CRLA may not be heading OEO. Still, Lorenz and CRLA are not about to temper their program. A half-dozen suits already in progress will certainly alienate influential groups. More are in the offing.

Each successful case will add to CRLA's opposition, and to its fame. That fame, ironically, may eventually oust Lorenz from the firm, if the program itself can survive the annual Perils of Pauline episode. "Sooner or later the Mexican community will want its own man to run CRLA," he predicts. When it does, Lorenz, the *sympatico* Anglo, is ready to step aside; CRLA will be able to go on without him.

Besides, how long can you walk a tightrope—even if you are a professional?

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Heil Ho! The Frankfurt Fair

ANDRE SCHIFFRIN
Mr. Schiffrin attended the Frankfurt book fair as editorial director of Pantheon Books.

The Frankfurt book fair, in spite of the dreary city in which it takes place, is usually an enjoyable publishers' outing. True, the long days spent in the hangar-like buildings containing thousands of exhibits tend to be tiring and depressing, and even publishers, faced with so many new books, begin to have doubts. But the opportunity to meet friends and engage in late-into-the-night talks is attractive enough to lure people back year after year.

This year there were hints of change—but nothing to suggest that within a few days the fair and the heart of the city would offer the now familiar sight of massed students confronting rows of green uniformed police, a scene complete with water cannons and the clouds of smoke of exploding tear-gas grenades.

The fair has long been a major event in Frankfurt, offering to this provincial city and to German publishers an extraordinary look at the cultural life of nearly the whole world. But the fair is used and visited by all sorts of people—from left-wing Socialist students to Adolf von Thadden (the leader of the extreme right-wing NDP) who visited this year's fair.

Last year the students had mounted a series of demonstrations against Springer, and prosaically enough, at the small display of books from the Union of South Africa. At the time, we all joked about who would get it next year—the students had a broad enough choice—but the German officials running the fair were far more worried. A visit from von Thadden did not result in a loss of business, but student demonstrations might scare away customers, might even block the stands of certain exhibitors. In the year between fairs, the fair commission faced a problem increasingly familiar to university authorities throughout the world—what to do when the demonstrators come?

I sensed the coming storm during the fair's first days. I was dining with one of the professors at the university when, at a nearby table, we saw a group of his former students, now leaders of the (German) SDS. They had planned a teach-in but had heard that the police would be called in to forcefully eject them. The German publishers in charge of the fair were divided—a small minority stressing that the book business had for years been trying to lure youngsters into the fair. It was their view that free discussion should be allowed, using one of the fair's many empty buildings as a forum. The majority, however, had taken a hard line and had elaborated an extraordinary list of house rules, forbidding the distribution of political posters or buttons by publishers (a lot of Guevara poster sales had been made in 1967), preventing discussion groups of more than ten, etc. Tickets to the fair warned, in the "You-Vill-Obey-Orders" prose style still favored by German bureaucrats, that by stepping on the fair ground, visitors undertook to obey the rules formulated.

We were concerned about the situation. As exhibitors, we had not been consulted in the preparation of rules, and we certainly disliked the idea of calling in the cops to prevent a pro-SDS publisher from giving out "We Try Harder" buttons. A few of us hastily drew up a statement urging the fair authorities to allow free discussion and insisting that the police be called only if real crises were threatened. The next morning at the ritual cocktail parties, the statement, circulated in this makeshift fashion, drew hundreds of signatures from a very broad cross section of publishers and such visiting authors as Grass and Styron.

The statements seemed to work. A student demonstration began, a few policemen were called in, but a confrontation was avoided. The teach-in took place in the back of the German exhibit: a largish crowd gathered and then dispersed. We went to our Saturday dinners feeling that things were under control.

The next morning began differently. The students had chosen as the target of the protest the rather abstract figure of Leopold Senghor, president of Senegal, who was to receive the German book industry's annual peace prize. In the search for a black author, their commission quite arbitrarily, I suspect, had selected a figure described by the students as an Uncle Tom who had called in French troops to crush student and worker revolts. Like good admen seeking a hook, the SDS had seized on this choice as a way to concentrate on the problem of the Third World. However, most of the publishers, not to speak of the public, had barely heard of Senghor—or of African leaders to whom the students proposed giving a counter prize. The few leaflets they distributed sparsely outlined their indictment; and the press was hardly about to begin a debate on Senegalese politics. The gesture, in spite of the seriousness underlying it, was bound to be symbolic.

The ritual of confrontation was thus acted out in a scenario which even Herman Kahn could have predicted with complete accuracy. The students gathered outside the cathedral to demonstrate and to award their counter prize. The police, in ever-increasing numbers, insisted that paths be kept clear. (Whether a clash still could have been avoided had the police allowed the student ceremony is difficult to say.) At first both sides were remarkably restrained. Students milled about, many extremely chic, others wearing their battle garb of helmets and leather. The police—largely young cadets—held their ground with a good humor that we Americans admired and envied. Students argued with passers-by, forming small groups—a highly effective and purposeful device—hopelessly trying to convince the Sunday morning promenaders that they should concern themselves with Senegal. As I watched, a police truck tried to forge through the crowd, was stopped, pushed by, and, again, impressively, withdrew.

But then the length of the confrontation began to tell. The students tried to break through the barriers into the cathedral. The police pushed back, then charged, filling the air with the acrid smoke of tear gas. Cohn-Bendit (looking astonishingly like Mickey Rooney) was arrested and brutally carried off, to be severely beaten, according to a large number of witnesses. We found ourselves as in a replayed newsreel, running down the street, eyes streaming, stopping to catch our breath before an array of NPD posters, which presented to my blurred vision the sight of the old Nazi flag—red field around a white circle, with the letters NDP where the swastika used to be. (No one seemed to have noticed this graphic tradition—the kind of symbols foreigners tend to notice in Germany.)

The students changed direction now inexplicably breaking into the offices of the German publishing association setting the stage for more arrests. Now

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AUTUMN KITCHEN

The dead pheasant's feathers
lie fanned across the man's hand.
His dog, practicing his part,
gnaws the gut of the frail bird.
I see the ribboned intestines,
and, near them, a green curve
I know by instinct is its egg.
I ask for it: unused to guns,
I worship the softer divinities.
The man extends my gift.
This egg is green: as if to say
we call the sun "yellow." It
is smooth, still warm from flesh
which brought it to my rooms.
In my hand shine my old lessons:
"container for the thing contained,
symbol for the thing signified . . ."
and suddenly there is no possible
metaphor, no soft-brown plumage
will fan from this sweet shape,
it is dissociate from roast birds
whose predicted virtues I prepare
endlessly and without deep thought
for the tables of my years:
it cools, this egg, as I watch it.
Outside, the men still fire guns,
teaching my small son the skill.
And talk of winter's venison.
That which I will surely cook
in this brown, pale-green kitchen.

CAROL BERGE

LATE AUTUMN LEAVES

Late autmun leaves, taking new shapes,
say goodbye to the bough.
Raccoons move through the night
like warm bundles. A troubled friend
wanders.

(White is the old landmark, blue-green
the best sea . . .)

In the East
scatterings of sparrows
fall on the first snow
watched by owls.

By the fire the cat
lost in a dream of diamonds
skillfully pretends
he's completely alone.

ROBERT PETERSON

DEPARTURES

My dog barks under an empty tree
long after the squirrel has gone.
He barks and barks, as the squirrel
leaps ten trees away, leaving
the leaf tops trembling like trampolines
after an acrobat is through.
And I stand gazing up at you
who long ago stopped loving me,
while my foolish dog still barks.

LINDA PASTAN

DISTANCES

You travel across the room.
Two chairs and a table
are between us; the shapes
of your words are between us.
Straight and cold as railroad track
I lie in my old roadbed
measuring distances—
waiting for you to pass
over me once again,
on your way somewhere else.

LINDA PASTAN

A WRY MUSIC

(Seven are convicted at Meridian)

Wind
a wry music
the piney woods give it off like their own
chill
spice

Pelahatchie
Big Black
Tishomingo
rivers thick with leaves come moping around the long curves
walking on faces
on long bones
on men's bound ankles narrower than flint

October
cotton-light
Summer lies in drifts
in dunes
high on red wagons
Unwincing light the shadows of nothing human
pick at it

In a hundred years
one bee
may forgive the worst in us
may stop to drink honey
from a murderer's ear

ROSELLEN BROWN

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mounted police arrived, greeted by hundreds of student arms outstretched in the Nazi salute and shouts of *Seig Heil*—too effective for many of us, even as jeers. "Senghor's soup is getting cold," the students then chanted, as the officials stayed on in the cathedral. They left only after their paths had been cleared by the police, now attacking with batons and water cannon.

Later in the afternoon the students headed for the fair. Panicking, its director asked for increased police reinforcements. Entrances were closed; the students sat down; more police charges and arrests. The previous day's mediation was shot, the fair began to look increasingly like an armed camp. A feeling of repression and anger grew, and some publishers began to close their stands in protest.

Then followed an extraordinary series of meetings. More than a hundred publishers met in a hotel lobby (its manager seemed apoplectic) to demand the withdrawal of police for the duration of the fair. Cohn-Bendit's various publishers and some others joined in the attempt to locate him to determine if he had been wounded, and whether the students arrested with him could be identified and given legal help. (This proved to be impossible. The police refused to divulge the identity of those arrested, and allowed the students to call only lawyers they knew which—apart from Cohn-Bendit, who did have a lawyer—was a meaningless right.) Late into the night other meetings continued—increasingly diffuse and impotent. No one was allowed to see the prisoners or to obtain lawyers. Militant Marxist analyses dwindled into the familiar question: Did anyone know anyone? Like a group of Reform Democrats looking for help in the White House, the students finally managed to think of a friendly Social Democratic party official who would ask the Socialist Mayor to listen to their requests. At first this seemed a good possibility, but it disappeared. Late at night, a much diminished group attempted a last symbolic visit to the Mayor's house.

On the next day, a final series of meetings took place. The fair authorities retreated somewhat and offered to withdraw the police, but several hundred now angry publishers demanded a more open attitude. A compromise resolution was finally reached, in which all agreed to maintain freedom and order, without police and without repressive house rules. A number of foreign publishers would join the fair authorities as a counterweight. Publishing, everyone agreed, could not flower in an atmosphere of bureaucratic regulations which needed police support.

Had any of this done any good? For the publishers it had been an unpleasant and time-consuming return to the *status quo ante*. Those running the fair were told to worry less about the political books and posters of some of the left-wing-German stands and to pay more attention to maintaining an open atmosphere in which the threat of a teach-in would be less frightening. The liberal and left-wing Germans found that many foreign publishers—whatever their politics—shared their dislike for authoritarianism. The students could—and did—claim this as their victory—the radicalization of the publishers, Cohn-Bendit called it.

The Germans themselves had shown a fascinating split, in part generational, between the older authorities and the younger publishers and students. And as I left, I was occupied with the contrast with similar situations in France, Italy and New York. In each place, students had formed themselves into an extra-parliamentary opposition, as the Germans call it. Either excluded from the traditional parties, or believing them to be totally ineffective, they had retreated into a series of symbolic confrontations. But unlike their French counterparts, the German students were alone—lacking working-class allies, undoubtedly opposed by the average citizen, covered by a largely hostile press. Though they were

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trying hard to create a broader constituency, their hopes of convincing people by small group discussion on the periphery of symbolic demonstrations seemed wildly utopian. Though they argued that people would be radicalized by such confrontations, the opposite could equally be maintained. Critics such as Günter Grass (now very close to the Social Democratic leadership) have stated bitterly that the students would create a backlash, similar to that which we have seen in France and, of course, America.

Yet what is most striking in the whole experience is not the menacing strength but the basic weakness of the students. The very youngsters who, helmeted and armed with megaphones, had mustered hundreds of demonstrators outside the cathedral, late the same evening were huddled around the one telephone in a student hostel, trying to persuade the policeman answering the mayor's phone to let their appeal go through. They were not, as is so often said, unwilling to face the consequences of their actions, but were trying to get due process in a country that seemed surprisingly unconcerned —for though the police had obviously been told to behave, at least at first, no one seemed concerned that the courts behave. No German newspaper that I saw raised the question of the rights of the accused students or investigated the charge that Cohn-Bendit had been beaten —though their photos did show him being arrested, his face contorted by the arm lock on his throat, his feet grotesquely twisted, puppetlike, into contrary and, one would think, excruciatingly painful positions.

The students had succeeded in creating a major incident, had caused massive disruptions and gotten vast publicity throughout the world. Their impressive strategic and tactical strength worried, at times frightened, many of the older generation. Yet to an outsider, the impression of weakness and uncertainty persists. Faced with contemporary German society, the young could disrupt, but only in a vacuum. The debate they sought to precipitate would not take place. They would be met only with force, force which in itself frightens the older generation and further isolates the students. Had this been inevitable? Did the mere presence of Cohn-Bendit mean that the students would all take an uncompromising revolutionary stand?

It is interesting that on Saturday, when the police were withdrawn from the fair, the student teach-in took place in peace and quiet. And on Monday when the left-wing German publishers confronted the fair authorities, their demands were surprisingly mild and reformist. Indeed, the last meeting took on an extraordinarily German tone. While the real issue was the distrust of the fair authorities and a resentment of the repressive and harassing tactics, the debate centered on the need for a legalistic agreement which would clearly outline the rights of the public and of dissenters at the fair—an old-fashioned German approach reminiscent of Ebert rather than Mao.

I am not saying that some of the events did not suggest extreme left-wing attitudes. The breaking into the book publishing association office, the disruption of a reading organized by Suhrkamp publishers, showed this clearly enough. Like all movements, the students represent an ambiguous and mixed grouping, moving in the direction they are pushed, doing whatever seems possible at any given moment.

But what I do suspect is that a less resigned attitude by the older generation might have led to different events which could not escalate into violence and which could have shown the students that what they were *saying*, not just what they were doing, was being taken seriously.

The students had chosen to demonstrate against Senghor not just to cause trouble—any excuse would have been suitable for that—but because they genuinely want to precipitate a debate on the Third World. There are undoubtedly more pressing issues in German politics; yet it does matter what the government and, perhaps more important, the corporations are doing in this field. Would it have been impossible to provide a meeting to discuss this question, even to open the mass media to the embryonic student research and opinion? Might not at least the Social Democrats agree that such issues merit debate? Yet in the whole fair I saw no books on this question, and from the past I remember only a few studies of dubious independence.

Likewise, the fair management's rule raised basic constitutional questions about the rights of what have been called "private governments" to abrogate constitutional guarantees. As I tried to suggest in the discussion which took place there, the debate at the fair had touched on questions which no foreigner could answer but which did need to be discussed in a German context. But this did not happen either. As a result, the students found themselves not only in a political and social but in an intellectual vacuum, striking out, often provocatively, at a society whose very silence reinforced their apocalyptic analysis. It isn't after all just a students' world. The grownups too have their responsibilities, among which is not, on hearing the word *student*, to reach for their guns.

The Huxleys: Brave Voyagers

THE HUXLEYS. *By Ronald W. Clark. McGraw Hill Book Co. 398 pp. $8.95.*

ALDOUS HUXLEY. *By John Atkins. Orion Press. 218 pp. $5.95.*

THIS TIMELESS MOMENT: A Personal View of Aldous Huxley. *By Laura Archera Huxley. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 331 pp. $6.95.*

CALVIN BEDIENT
Mr. Bedient teaches in the English Department at the University of California, Los Angeles.

In 1846, Thomas Huxley set sail in H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* to explore marine life in the South Seas; and Huxleys have been setting forth in exploration ever since. Julian Huxley's work in evolutionary biology, Andrew Huxley's Nobel Prize in physiology, T. L. Eckersley's classic paper on long-wave propagation —clearly the genius of the family is scientific. The Huxleys sail under the agnostic banner of empirical truth; in a socially and intellectually responsible agnosticism lies their strength. "Agnosticism," said Thomas, who coined the term, "is not properly described as a 'negative' creed, nor indeed as a creed of any kind, except in so far as it expresses absolute faith in the validity of a principle, which is as much ethical as intellectual": the principle "that it is wrong for a man to say that he is certain of the objective truth of any proposition unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty." The highest aim of mental life, he declared, is the ascertainment of truth, not the attainment of faith—a position that, especially in Victorian England, required courage.

As "Darwin's bulldog," Thomas roused horror in the faithful. "If the question is put to me," he said in his famous confrontation with Bishop Wilberforce at Oxford, " 'would I rather have a miserable ape for a grandfather, or a man highly endowed by nature and possessed of great means and influence, and yet who employs these faculties and that influence [as Wilberforce had just done] for the mere purpose of introducing ridicule into a grave scientific discussion' —I unhesitatingly affirm my preference for the ape." Whereupon a certain Lady Brewster fainted. In Edinburgh the Christian press put Huxley down as "the

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advocate of the vilest and beastliest paradox ever vented in ancient or modern times." His evolutionary theory was denounced as "debasing"; but to Huxley what was genuinely debasing was resistance to the ascertained truth. He discovered little; it is his character that counts. He exemplifies the heroism of agnostic intellect.

Thomas' grandson Julian has continued the Huxley tradition—a tradition that he himself has defined, in part, as "hard but high thinking, . . . great outspokenness and moral courage, and . . . [the] sense of the ultimateness and supreme value of truth." He has continued it, however, in less antagonistic circumstances and in the evening, not in the noon, of great discoveries; and in consequence he makes a less dramatic figure. Nor has Julian had the intellectual or literary gifts necessary to make his thesis that "man's role is to be the instrument of further evolution on this planet" a stirring one—what is exciting in Teilhard de Chardin is in Julian rather flat and airless. Yet unlike Teilhard, Julian is an unequivocal representative of the difficult agnostic faith. He sails, like his grandfather, in a salt and actual sea.

And what of Julian's brother Aldous, the third of the three Huxleys to whom Ronald Clark, in *The Huxleys*, devotes most of his space? In a book that falls apart, even with respect to its prose, after the opening chapters on Thomas, Clark presents Aldous as still another exemplar of what he thinks of as the Huxley "ethos." One half of this ethos, he says, is the view that, in Thomas Huxley's words, "science and literature are not two things, but two sides of the same thing." Now, out of the thousands of sentences that Thomas and Julian and Aldous wrote, perhaps one or two dozen embody this "Huxley belief"—not enough to get to town on. The other half of this "ethos," Clark observes, is the view that reality is finally unknowable. Yet even if so commonplace a belief could really be said to constitute part of a definitive family ethos, what must be noted is that here we find Aldous sailing in different seas.

The only Huxley "tradition" worthy of the name is the agnostic tradition defined by Julian; and Aldous is all but at the antipodes of this tradition, a black sheep in the family. "You are marrying into one of the great atheist families," his aunt Ethel once warned a suitor of one of the Huxleys. "I know you are an atheist now; but will you be able to keep it up until you die?" Aldous, an atheist in his earliest novels and essays, was not able to keep it up: by the late 1930s he had become the exponent of "an existential religion of mysticism." John Atkins, in a "literary study" that does little more than summarize, brokenly, Aldous' already dryly explicit views, declares that, though this religion put Aldous into disagreement with Thomas "on the ultimate nature of reality," it yet did not involve a basic antagonism. But the truth is that Thomas, as befitted an agnostic, held an opinion as to the ultimate nature of reality; and it was precisely in claiming an understanding of absolute reality that Aldous broke with the Huxley tradition.

Aldous hauled down and threw aside in his own work the agnostic flag of "logical" evidence that his grandfather had so heroically helped to raise. To be sure, Aldous' religion of mysticism is based on evidence—on experienced feeling—rather than on faith: eternity, the chemically hallucinated hero of *Island* discovers, is "as real as shit." But the point to note is that the evidence of feeling is not what Thomas would call "logically satisfactory," and, further, that Aldous did not acknowledge the necessity of this standard. Since eternity could be felt as directly as a burn, it constituted an "existential" truth independent of logic and faith. Simply as experienced feeling, however, Thomas might object, the religion of mysticism belongs, after all, to "the region of uncertainty." Psychoanalysis, chemistry—these too afford explanations of the sensation of timelessness. To Aldous, however, such explanations are "utter bosh." To him there is no uncertainty about it: mystical experience evidences God. It is at this point that he passes beyond the coastal regions of agnosticism, making desire his only compass.

If Aldous thus defies the agnostic limits of science even as he honors the necessity of evidence, if he thus finds eternity so unmistakably certain, the reason would seem to be his obsession and disgust with sensual craving. He wrote always with a conscience stained by physical shame, with the self-abhorrence of the painfully idealistic, yet helplessly sensual, adolescent. In *Brave New World*, the shame of lust drives the Savage to suicide; and it appears to have driven the novelist himself into an eternity of transparency, where subject does not lust after object, where all is the centerless One, "which is love."

However that may be, Huxley was fully justified in claiming that an existential religion of mysticism constitutes "a transforming discipline," not a bag of words. At least it seems to have transformed Huxley himself, and the value of Laura Archera Huxley's book, *This Timeless Moment*, is in large part the picture it gives of a man whose love

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and pity were indeed—in the words of his favorite among his novels, *Time Must Have a Stop*—"informed by principle, enlightened by insight into the nature of the world."

Huxley lived his thought, and those who knew him could only gain by it. Perhaps he was even greater than his thought, being more warmly and sensually human. His relation to Laura Archera, his second wife, was evidently a peculiarly rich one, at once disinterested, tenderly intimate and an Indian summer of desire. "I . . would like to feel that I can love you," he once wrote to her, "with so much understanding tenderness that I shall always know what to do, or what to refrain from doing in order to help you in your strength and support you in your vulnerability." The photographs of Huxley that accompany the text—showing an aged, beautiful face, both spiritual and sensual, and of sweet nobility—form a kind of testimony to the sincerity of these words and to the truth of the portrait his wife here draws from memory. Black sheep or not, Huxley gained a remarkable dignity of his own.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Mr. Alloway, former curator of the Guggenheim Museum, is at present visiting professor at the New York State University, Stony Brook. His forthcoming history of the Venice Biennale will be published by the New York Graphic Society.

Max Kozloff, art critic for The Nation, *is on leave of absence. He will contribute occasional articles during the 1968-69 season.*

Since Thomas Hoving became director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art there have been about forty-five "Special Exhibitions," to take the term used in the museum's monthly calendar of events. This sounds impressive, but on inspection the statistic crumbles a little. Seven of these Special Exhibitions were of single works, usually new acquisitions; others were as peripheral as "Chess: East and West, Past and Present," "Clock and Watch Designs," "Pleasing to the Eye and Ear Alike" (old musical instruments), 17th and 18th century sundials, and "An Awareness of Quality," which turned out to be twenty-five books published in 1967. Such trivia are more appropriate to an out-of-town community center than to a major city's major museum. They give an effect of activity, but culturally are no more than chicken soup for Hovniks.

All this is part of the new director's expressed intention of taking the museum to the public, as if it were not with the public already. However, there is nothing wrong with that intensified address, provided the audience is not subjected to McLuhanesque slogans about increased participation. Perhaps all the Met's little shows have been useful lures for visiting school parties, but some of the larger temporary shows have been no more satisfactory. This year, for instance, there was "Visionary Architects," a big print show, originated by another institution, which is better read as a catalogue than it was seen as an exhibition; and "Painting in France, 1900-67," a survey of the School of Paris that bombed disastrously, with its massive array of irrelevant artists and inadequate pieces by the right artists. But now, with "The Great Age of Fresco," the Met can finally be associated with an important, temporary exhibition on a scale that no community center could afford.

In the last two decades scholarly and technical arguments about the preservation of works of art have moved out of the laboratory and into public awareness. How much restoration of a damaged work is ethical? What degree of nakedness is tolerable in deteriorating works? Millard Meiss put it like this, in the fourth volume of the "Acts of the 20th International Congress of the History of Art, 1963": "The choice is between a spurious 'unity' and an initially fragmentary authenticity." In the catalogue of the present show he returns to the subject: "The authorities and restorers in Florence have wished to present only what remains of the frescoes of the great masters of the Renaissance. They have not tried to make these frescoes look complete, as though produced yesterday. Though the conservators are very skillful imitators, they have not in other words posed as Nardo or Castagno or Pontormo." The first time Mr. Meiss was addressing other scholars; the second time, five years later, the public. "The Great Age of Fresco" is as important for its contribution to this issue as for overcoming the logistic problems of moving frescoes around. Public interest was certainly sharpened by the floods in Florence three years ago and the publicity given to the water-damaged monuments. It is not only the Orientation Gallery, as the Met calls it, with photographs and live demonstrations that is relevant here. The paring of frescoes into layers and the simultaneous exhibition of the top layer of painting and of the preparatory drawing, previously concealed below, directs attention to frescoes in a new way.

The exhibition is superb, with frescoes that no earlier technology could have moved from Tuscany and with drawings that only present restoring skill could have released. The drawings were not worked out on paper and transferred to plaster, but drawn directly onto a level of plaster that was overlaid by another which carried the painted image. These preparatory drawings, usually in red, called *sinopie*, have been excavated by restorers, who peeled away the top stratum intact. As Mr. Meiss observes in the very informative catalogue, they are "a corpus of monumental drawings from a crucial period" of which "we previously possessed very few drawings of any kind." *Sinopie* are shown in the exhibition coupled with the paintings that they led to or begot. The marvelous drawings range from lean contours to shaggy adumbrations, from proliferating curves to brusque codes.

As the works have been physically peeled, problems and decisions of the artists, locked in the work, have been recovered. Renaissance art, which current synoptic art histories usually represent as a static and settled affair, is thus experienced in terms of change and discovery. Francesco d'Antonio's "St. Ansanus," for example, began as a fairly naturalistically posed figure but, in the course of the painting, became less bulky and more Gothic. "The Christ on the Cross with the Virgin and St. John the Evangelist" (catalogue numbers 32 and 33) is heavily Gothic as a painting, but elliptical and dashing as a *sinopia*. An art represented as one of Being has been turned into an art of Becoming, which is what it has probably been for a long time to those who knew most about it.

This exhibition is certainly one that will reach the public and it is doing so in a way I think admirable. It is a first-rate selection of important work that only experts will ever have seen in its entirety and which the wider public knows very little about. It is being presented in a framework of up-to-date relevant information that bears on the paintings themselves. The technical information about frescoes and their preservation supports the central insight into the choices of artists. Visitors to the museum are thus precipitated into a rich view of art as material evidence and of artists in the process of making decisions.

When a museum can reach its public with this kind of knowledge, both technical and aesthetic, I would take it to be operating at a high level of efficiency, but Mr. Hoving seems to think something more is needed. The installation of the fresco show brings out the most dumb and obstinate aspect of popularization: the use of decor as ancillary entertainment, as if to assure the public that art, like New York City, is fun. Renaissance-type architecture is symbol-

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ized by little umbrellas that dangle from the blacked-out ceilings to make cute little toy vaults, like decorations in a suburban hairdresser's. Andrea del Sarto's "Scenes from the Life of St. John the Baptist" are set in an arcade, built in shallow relief against the wall, but the decorator's arches don't coincide with the painted pilasters of the original. Seats are in the form of white wooden cylinders, like sections of fallen classical columns—as if a flip travel agency were using Goethe's Italy as a motif. And fat candles burn between Franciabiggio's "Last Supper," "Annunciation" and "Nativity" for those who need to be reminded that these are ecclesiastical subjects.

FILMS

HAROLD CLURMAN

The German entry at the New York Film Festival (also the winner of the top award in Venice) is translated as *Artists Under the Big Top: Perplexed* (or Disoriented). At least four of the films I saw during the Lincoln Center fortnight were about disorientation, disaffection, dissolution. They each echo or reflect what we hear, see or feel all around us. In this sense, despite their emphatic stylization, the films are basically "realistic." Civilization is coming apart at the seams.

While the central emotion in these films is recognizable enough, it is symptomatic that they should all be composed as abstractions. Symptomatic and saddening. Though they employ specific images and concrete references, they end as evasions, often as a mess. This is particularly true of the German film just mentioned, in which the world is viewed as a circus, its belabored pachyderms all of us common folk.

In Godard's *Weekend* someone says that the only way to counteract the horror of bourgeois life is to exceed it in horror. The film begins in hilarious horror: first with a dialogue in which a lover and his mistress discuss their efforts to kill her mother-in-law in order to inherit her money. It then proceeds to the woman's account of a sex adventure so grotesque that the lover asks if it really happened or did she only dream it. The longest portion of the opening sequences deals with the fantastic traffic jams which most citizens of metropolitan areas run into as they attempt to drive out for their weekend holidays. The extravagance of Godard's satire—we are even made to laugh at the bloodied and shattered corpses strewn along the roads—rises to epic farce.

Then the picture begins to disintegrate into fragmented episodes—some of them acidly comic, others cruelly ugly—ending in calm cannibalism. At certain intervals a young man dressed in what looks like the correct habit for 1790 reads a speech about the futility of social rebellion, no matter how "progressive" it may be. The audience is repeatedly reminded that all this is said by film actors in fun and that therefore literal meaning, logic or coherent continuity are not required. Discontinuity is inherent in the film's "message." The different episodes are variants of a single theme.

Godard is enormously clever and cunningly distraught. Distraction and moral indifference constitute his content as well as his material. In the end one grows tired of his technique and resentful of his being. His art reveals itself not as protest against collapse but as the collapse itself. Except as cinematic innovations it is not a "revolutionary" art. It does not rouse the public from its spiritual apathy but is a contribution to it.

No wonder, as Tom Nairn pointed out in "Leaping Ahead of Theory" [*The Nation*, September 30], that a Godard film may serve the reactionaries in France by offering an artful sop to appease the dissent of the younger generation. It paves the way to a new fascism.

Godard's *Breathless* was memorably to the point: *Masculine-Feminine* evinced remarkable descriptive and journalistic insight; *La Chinoise* was sly, trenchant and funny. But his films at the festival—with occasional incisive flashes—betray a basic mindlessness within the sometimes dazzling brightness.

Bernardo Bertolucci's *Partner*, in French and Italian, opens another page in the testament of this asphyxiated civilization. It combines surrealism and symbolism with occasional sallies into dadaism. Pierre Clementi, its star, enacts a dual role: a more or less respectable artist and his other self, a destructive and maniacal rebel against virtually every cause. When one bleeds, so does the other.

I could not grasp all of the film's allusions. It is easy to discern such key images as the barricade of books which the artist builds to hide from the world—in this instance, a resplendent Rome. There was also a fine shot parodying one from Eisenstein's *Potemkin* in which the rebel (and a sexy salesgirl of detergents played by Tina Aumont) nonchalantly shove a baby carriage down a long flight of steps. The unsightliness of the new domestic architecture in the suburbs is derided by a girl's marking Xs on building walls. These are blown up into screen-size scars by painting them a vivid vermilion on the film itself. One after another, various teasers and shockers, all of them very knowingly and attractively photographed, are improvised. It is highly sophisticated, sometimes sharply amusing.

But what do these extended inventions purport? "The enemy," Clementi shouts directly to the audience, "is *American imperialism!* If you haven't understood this, you have understood nothing." To which my immediate response was "Bullshit!"—not in defense of American policies but at the notion that such a film may in any way shed light on them. On further reflection I began to wonder whether even Clementi's pronouncement was not intended as a spoof and self-mockery. In these pictures anything goes and anything may mean anything or nothing whatsoever.

Less ambitious but also much less pretentious than these films is John Cassavetes' *Faces*. It has its own boldness. Largely composed of close-ups of very well-chosen types (and actors) with something of a *cinéma verité* effect and dialogue to a large extent improvised in the shooting, the picture conveys a

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sense of a directly observed actuality.

It concerns a double adultery. The husband, a wealthy businessman, disabused but good-natured, is estranged by his somewhat brittle wife who is at ease in her husband's company only in fun and games. He takes off one night on a toot with a good-looking dame who may not be a whore but who belongs to a "free" world of indeterminate character and a lavish apartment. The wife, who earlier in the evening has suddenly been threatened with divorce, goes out to a bar, picks up several matrons and a young man. On the departure of her lady guests she goes to bed with the nice boy.

While her husband's escapade has refreshed him and rendered him buoyant, her sin leads her to an attempt at suicide from which her night's companion saves her. When the husband returns home in the morning he understands exactly what has happened: he has seen the boy escape through the window from his wife's bedroom. He slaps her; she tells him it's too bad she doesn't love him. But for all that they will resume their customary way of life together.

The picture reports the surface of daily existence among people of the moneyed classes. And what an environment it is! This in a way is a more dreadful picture, because more smoothly banal and casually conventional, than the studied atrocities of the *avant-garde* film makers.

There is, however, a certain flatness in it because the richer sources of human feeling as contrasted to the aridity observed are implied rather than created. The negative in art must always adumbrate the positive. When this doesn't occur, as it barely does in *Faces*, one is left dispirited, cheated. Still there is in the acting of John Marley as the husband, of Lynn Carlin as his wife, of Gena Rowlands as the husband's bedmate, and of the various guests an authenticity and a sense of the living presence of people among whom we dwell, which turns the film into something altogether relevant.

I must confess to an aesthetic prejudice: while film art is by its nature always less realistic than the theatre, it is chiefly through its capacity to convey *the actual* that it triumphs. Its artifices and all attempts to make it excel through pictorial imagination and beauty are usually less successful and less important than its ability to impart the illusion of being *there* in the midst of life.

If this be hotly contested, I can only say at the moment that my experience at this year's Film Festival is what I offer as evidence. I was more touched by the nonprofessional players in *Mouchette* and in *Naked Childhood*, a French film about a delinquent orphan boy adopted by several poor families in the provinces, than by most of the films played by well-qualified artists. There is a scene in *Naked Childhood* in which a woman puzzles over the phenomenon of her ward who is at once so devilish and so tender a being. There is a poignant simplicity in the woman's face which could hardly be matched by any of the professional actors during the festival's showings. But why was this film shot in color? Black and white would have given it its proper documentary tone.

When professional film actors are at their best they appear to be non-actors. That is the virtue of even the least striking of the Czech pictures. Their actors seem to be utterly artless; they appear to be parts of the landscape, the fields, the streets around them. One really believes them. Czech films are rarely "exciting." There is something slow, awkward, ponderously peasantlike and wholly disarming about them. Their humor is offhand, unconscious, canny. They sometimes seem "uncomposed," though they hardly ever resort to camera devices to produce that effect.

In *Report on the Party and Their Guests*, a prophetic parable about Czechoslovakia under Novotny and now under the Soviets, I did not find its specific story or surface events particularly arresting, but I watched it closely because

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At 2:00 AM on May 17, 1967, Police Officer Louis R. Kuba was killed on the campus of Texas Southern University in Houston.

Student John Parker was in his dormitory room.
Student Charles Freeman was 5 feet from the Houston Chief of Police.
Student Floyd Nichols was 24 miles away.
Student Douglas Wayne Waller was in jail.
Student Trazawell Franklin was elsewhere on campus.

These five students have been indicted for his murder.

An act of murder which the state of Texas readily admits they could not have committed.

An act of murder for which the foreman of the indicting grand jury admits there is no evidence that any of them fired any weapons.

Yet, the indictment charges that these five students, together with others unknown "did, with malice aforethought, kill Louis Raymond Kuba, by shooting him with a gun."

What, then, is the basis for the indictment? The District Attorney of Harris County has stated that, in Texas, "anyone engaged in a riot can be held responsible for any offense committed, even if committed by another person."

NAACP takes action

Four of these students have come to the NAACP for legal assistance. We will not only defend them, but will work to nullify the manipulation and use of the law as a punitive measure to silence dissent.

A successful prosecution in this case could mean that any person, regardless of color, creed or political persuasion, who speaks out against injustice prior to a civil disorder, could find himself in the same spot as these students.

Responsible action must be taken to prevent such obvious misuse of the law. Not only in Texas. But in other states where similar statutes persist. Such action demands substantial financial assistance. The expenses of this Texas trial, alone, are estimated to exceed $100,000.

Since our efforts are supported solely by voluntary contributions to the NAACP Special Contribution Fund, we ask you, now, to join in our fight to help reinstate the constitutional right of justice for all Americans. As a responsible citizen, won't you help us act responsibly . . . today.

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its events seemed to be really happening to real people.

That is also true of *Capricious Summer* which is "symbolic" in an entirely different way: its three middle-aged men are hardly likely to be as impotent or as shy of sex as they may at first blush appear. Their final passivity is resignation in the face of a reality of both the luscious young woman who attracts them and the general condition of their lives. It is a quietly humorous commentary on the kindly and sad common sense of simple country folk.

Most enjoyable and the least assuming of all the Czech films is Milos Forman's *The Firemen's Ball*, a loose-jointed, ambling, homey film about the plan a bunch of bumbling senior firemen devise to offer their retiring 86-year-old chief a special gift to be handed him by the winner of a beauty contest which they arrange for the occasion.

It is a delightfully funny and somehow touching film. Its group portrait of a lot of silly folk is affectionate without the slightest trace of condescension. There is no pressure in the conduct of its narrative, nor strain for comedy or craft effects. As this film begins we learn that the fire chief to be honored may be dying of cancer. This is not inserted to add pathos to the story: it is seen, as everything else in the picture, as *nature*. And in films that cannot be beat.

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THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

A resident professional theatre may be said to have come of age on the day it moves out of its old cramped quarters in a converted cellar (attic, factory, drugstore, movie house), and into a gleaming, spacious, custom-built marble hall at the hot center of the local urban renewal project. This summer it was the turn of the Playhouse in the Park in Cincinnati, which opened its new Robert S. Marx Theatre on July 18 with a whiz-bang production of *Camino Real* by Tennessee Williams. But the Cincinnati company has come of age with a difference.

The Playhouse in the Park began its career in 1960 when a Victorian shelter house in Eden Park, on top of a hill overlooking downtown Cincinnati, was turned into a pleasant little thrust-stage theatre. The Marx Theatre has been built not somewhere in urban renewal land but in the park right next to the old one, which remains in use for new plays and other special events.

The new theatre, designed by Hugh Hardy, is nearly three times as large as the old one (672 seats as against 227). It cost some $870,000, an amazingly small sum for such a project. (The Vivian Beaumont Theater in Lincoln Center cost more than $9 million.) I can't exactly say that I like it, or that it will be a joy to come back to in twenty or fifty years (the shelter house has survived for more than a century with its charm undiminished). But it is, for better or for worse, very much a product and expression of our times, and it has as distinct and vivid a personality as any theatre building I have ever been in.

The old shelter house is a cozy, intimate place; the new theatre is about as cozy as a slap in the face, exemplifying the modern tendency toward art as an act of aggression against the spectator. It is a raw, harsh, yet immensely sophisticated structure, functional almost with a vengeance. It is built mostly of concrete block, inside and out, with surfaces here and there of stainless steel and glass. The back wall of the auditorium is made of steel mesh set with metal studs, with a long horizontal row of bare bulbs for lighting; the effect vaguely suggests a prison. The stage is an odd asymmetrical space jutting out from a corner of the auditorium, backed by the same concrete block that forms the sides of the house; it seems to come to a point right at the foot of the center aisle. Overhead—above stage and auditorium alike—is a jungle of catwalks and girders, orange and black and stainless steel. It is not a nice theatre, but it has its own kind of excitement. Not merely a masochistic excitement, either; the experience is not chastening but obscurely bracing; a response associated, I think, with unconscious pride at being strong enough to take it.

Douglas Schmidt's big, busy, brilliant setting for *Camino Real* blended into the concrete blocks and catwalks of the building, and adroitly set off these solid elements with a clutter of Pop art fragments. Overhead was a traffic light with a glowing red eye; bits of an old movie poster bespeckled an upstage wall; a flophouse was marked by an enormous cutout blowup of Michelangelo's "David," with a big, flashing neon sign, "Ritz Men Only," across his chest and down his arm. This setting was not merely an interesting and appropriate environment for the play; it was a witty and concise anthology of familiar current attitudes and feelings (despair, fragmentation and jumble, camp irreverence), and it made Williams' grim never-land both contemporary and timeless.

Like the theatre, the production (directed by Michael Kahn) was harsh and jarring. Ceremonies and chases got the full treatment; there were flashing strobes and shattering gunshots. The author's stage directions specify that at several points the action should overflow into the aisles; these scenes worked particularly well in the Marx Theatre, which seems designed to blur the line that separates stage from auditorium, actors from audience, and to unite both in one charged and challenging space.

For the large, harsh, aggressive extroverted, centrifugal productions, this new theatre in Cincinnati has aleady been proved more than merely suitable. It is a splendid place in which to *confront* an audience. But is it good for anything else? A distinct personality can be in some ways a drawback for a theatre. But even if this new house should turn out to be somewhat lacking in versatility (which is by no means certain yet) it will still offer directors and designers a unique set of challenges and opportunities.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1267

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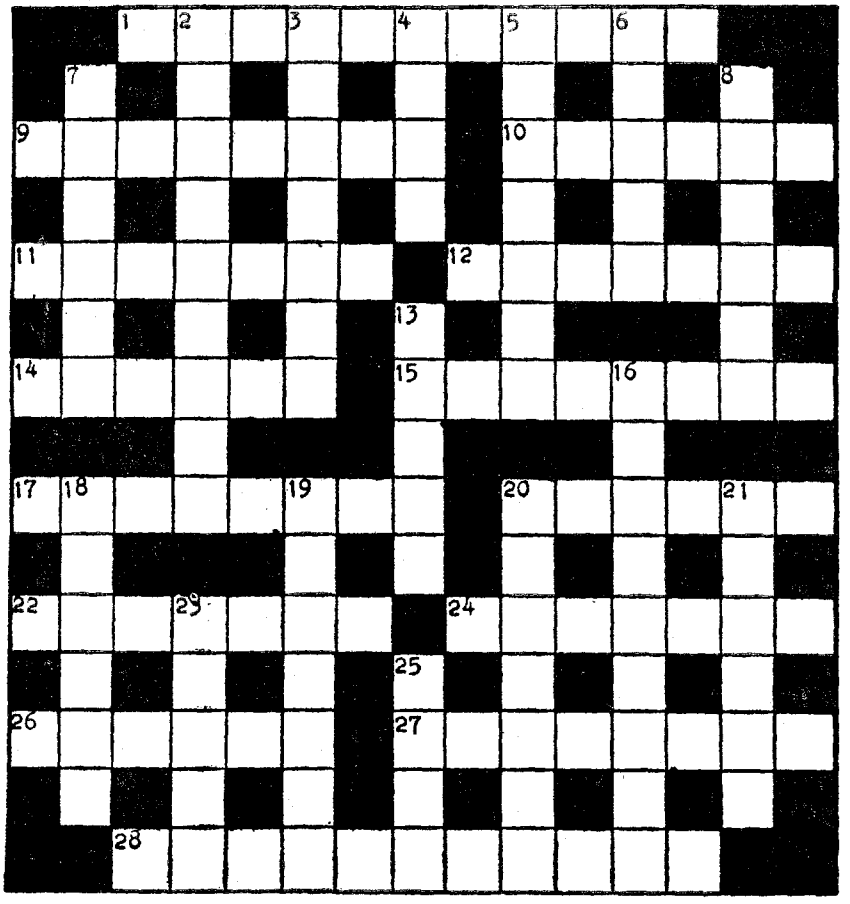

ACROSS

1 This might make a winner of one in Hunt the Thimble handsome. (4-7)
9 The hours of moonlight? Send out a catcher in return. (4-4)
10 and 25 down Things like stop-watches and sand-glasses under the hood? (6, 4)
11 Get nice results, if you seek what relates to the origin. (7)
12 Heard so indistinctly as an order, perhaps? (4, 3)
14 What I did to the stirrup in bringing good news? (6)
15 Reject stone about Mr. Franklin's make-up? (8)
17 Temporarily taking over part of the grade school curriculum? (8)
20 Hardly a quick-moving vehicle. (6)
22 and 24 The width of a false tooth should be like a temporary filling. (4-3, 7)
26 Separate. (6)
27 Can such a receiver be picked out without any problem? (8)
28 Question one closely, and you'll get into greater confusion! (11)

DOWN

2 How one on a 3 and 13 is supposed to keep his eyes wide-awake, as they say? (2, 3, 4)
3 and 13 Where one might ask for a bucket between low and high? (7, 5)
4 and 8 A follower of Roger, perhaps. (4, 3, 3)
5 A spot of heat for HST? (7)
6 His staying qualities seem to be limited. (5)
7 The composition of powder, in part? (4-2)
8 See 4 down
13 See 3 down
16 Rage, perhaps, indicating a change of habit or control of the 3 and 13. (4, 5)
18 Tinker? No, he works in a different medium. (6)
19 A terrible type with a tool, but novel. (7)
20 Inclined to be following? (7)
21 Quiet little stream, yet rather noisy at times. (6)
23 One couldn't say it is pretty flat! (5)
25 See 10 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1266

ACROSS: 1 Plaintiff; 6 Bigot; 9 Unarmed; 10 Ambsace; 12, 11 and 13 Noncombatants; 15 Strutted; 16 Candor; 18 Endive; 20 Bothered; 23 Taut; 24 Tiller; 28 On leave; 29 Thimble; 30 Nudge; 31 Pretended. DOWN: 1 and 6 down Plumb bobs; 2 Adapter; 3 and 27 down Nominative case; 4 Indented; 5 Flagon; 7 Grained; 8 Treasured; 14 Father Time; 15 Sweet corn; 17 Roulette; 19 and 25 Double date; 21 Roadbed; 22 Line up; 26 Emend.

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